



# MAGAZINE



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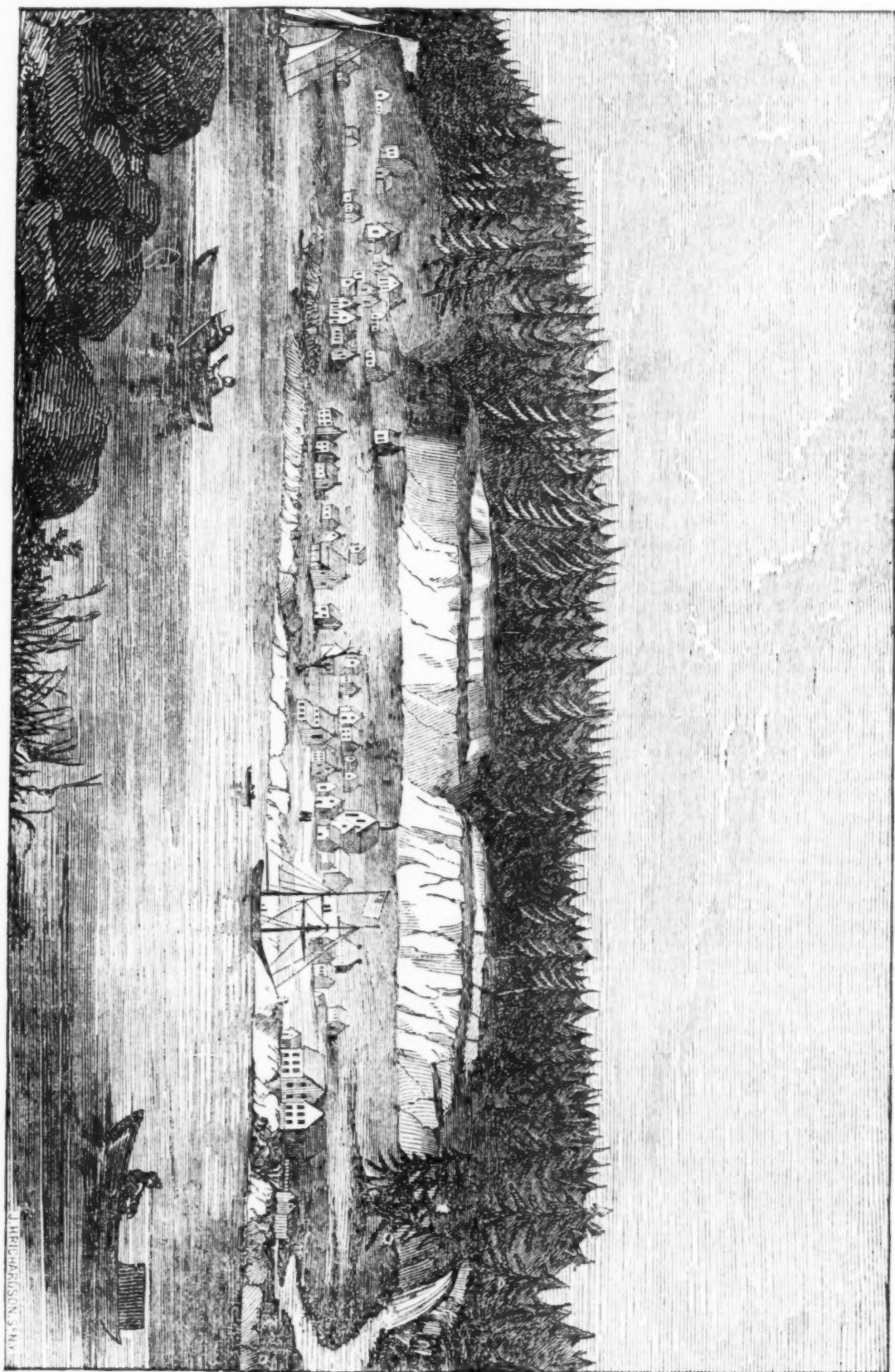


# HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1849.

NO. II.



OREGON CITY.

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MAJOR ANDRE, CUT IN PROFILE BY HIMSELF.

## THE LIFE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

WITH SOME FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY HENRY A. BUCKINGHAM.

THE fate of Major Andre, so tragical and melancholy, has been alike the theme of the scholastic historian, the poet and the painter.

It will be remembered that he was hung at Tappan, and his body placed in the centre of the field where the gallows was erected. When James Buchanan was appointed British consul, he asked of the English government permission to remove the bones of Andre to his native land.—The order was granted and they were taken to London by a British packet in 1818, and buried under a splendid monument in Westminster Abbey.

In disinterring his remains it was found that a peach tree, which stood at the head of the grave, had completely entwined its roots around the skull of Andre. Nothing was left but the bones and a leathern string, such as was used in tying up the back of the hair, which was worn long at that period.

His last surviving sister, Miss Margaret Andre, died in London three or four years ago at the advanced age of ninety-one. The Major possessed some considerable property, and his last will, dated on Staten Island in 1778, is now on file in the surrogate's office of New York. His papers, literary and otherwise, he left to a friend in London, to select and publish as he thought proper. If these manuscripts are now in existence they might

throw much light on the secret movements of the British army and Arnold's treasonable correspondence.

Andre's native place was London, where he was born in 1749; consequently he was thirty-two years of age at the time of his execution. As his name indicates, he was of French descent, though his father was a native of Switzerland. He was a merchant of London in the Levant trade.

Young Andre received his education at the college in Geneva, though intended by his father to pursue his own business as a merchant. His father having died in 1769, he chose the profession of arms, which had always been his own desire. He entered the British army—the Royal Welsh Fusileer Regiment—as ensign, at the age of twenty-two. The next year he spent, on leave of absence, his time in travelling through Germany and other portions of continental Europe, improving himself in the language and customs of the nations he visited.

Andre was a most accomplished man. He spoke several languages with great fluency, was a fine painter, a good poet, and knew something of every branch of the arts. He corresponded with many of the most distinguished literary men of the time. There was an engagement, it is generally understood, between him and Miss Honora Sneyd, who, after his death, became the wife of Mr.



Edgeworth, uncle to the two Miss Edgeworths, the well-known novel writers.

He was ordered to Canada with the rank of lieutenant, took passage for Philadelphia, where he arrived in 1774. The late General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, one of the bravest colonels in the Maryland line of the Revolution, was a fellow passenger, and always spoke of Andre in the highest terms.

He proceeded leisurely to St. Johns by the way of New York, and reached the post where a portion of the regiment to which he belonged was stationed. Montgomery, with the American army, came before St. Johns in the fall of 1775, which surrendered. Andre was taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged and promoted to the rank of captain.

In 1777 he was appointed aid to General Grey, and was present at the battle of Brandywine, the capture of Philadelphia, and the battle of Germantown. He was also engaged at Monmouth, in New Jersey, on the march of Sir Henry Clinton, after his evacuation of Philadelphia to New York. In 1780, when General Grey left for England, he received the appointment of aid to Sir Henry Clinton, and was made adjutant general of the royal army, with the rank of major.

He was a great favorite of Sir Henry, and ardently beloved by his brother officers. In fact, from all accounts, he was entitled to be loved.—With varied talents, of no common order, was united the manners of an educated gentleman. A miniature portrait, painted by himself, in Smith's narrative of his own supposed connection with Arnold's treason, represents a young, mild and pensive face. This miniature was probably made before he left England in 1774.

As a poet, Andre was somewhat famous, particularly in the satirical and humorous vein. Not long before his capture and death he wrote the "Cow Chase," in allusion to the carrying off a large number of cattle from Hackensack and its vicinity, after his unsuccessful attack on the refugee block house at Bull's Ferry.

He wrote a great deal for Rivington's Royal Gazette in New York, and was supposed to be the author of the account of "Mischianza," a tournament given to General Howe at Philadelphia in 1778 by the officers of the British army, at the time of his recall from the command of the British army by the ministry at home.

His correspondence with Honora Sneyd was very extensive, as appears in some little reminiscences she published, occasionally, after his early fate. As an executive officer he was prompt and decisive, and considered the best adjutant general in the service that had held the office during the war. Faithful and loyal he laid down his life for his king and country, and suffered the disgraceful end of a spy.

At what time Arnold commenced his correspondence with the elder Beverly Robinson, a tory colonel in the British army, whose patrimonial estate was on the North River, near West Point, but on the opposite side of the river, is not known. Robinson's property had all been confiscated by the provincial Congress of New York.

It may be that Sir Henry Clinton, knowing Ar-

nold's dissatisfaction at certain supposed ill-treatment from the court martial, before which he was tried for certain peculations as military governor of Philadelphia, may have prompted Sir Henry to sound Arnold through Robinson.

Congress had ordered the investigation, and Arnold had many bitter enemies in that body.—Taking all these things together it is as likely to suppose that the first overture was made to Arnold as that it came from him to the British commander-in-chief. It seems more likely the former, as the immediate correspondence was carried on by Sir Henry's adjutant general and aid, Major Andre, under the assumed name of "John Anderson, merchant, New York," and by Arnold, under the signature of "Gustavus." Most likely Andre's papers, if in existence, could throw light on a subject much doubted by historians.

Be it as it may, the scheme was well, deeply, and, but for almost miraculous circumstances, securely arranged. It may be truly said that Andre was his own executioner, as we will shortly show. Beverly Robinson, being in communication almost daily with his tory friend on the Hudson, and the frequent bearers of flags of truce, was selected to meet Arnold and arrange the details for the capture of West Point.

Robinson was a man somewhat advanced in years, and it was thought better to entrust the matter to a younger man, one more energetic, and a thorough soldier. Andre took his place; ambition on his part made him forget his peril.

What inducements were held out to Andre are not known. The fire of youth was upon him, and the promotion that would follow his success lured him to destruction. Evidently Sir Henry Clinton was his adviser, or he would not have endeavored so strongly to save him after his condemnation and trial. The capture of West Point was thought by Sir Henry Clinton the ending of the war. Vain delusion!

On the 20th September, 1780, Andre left New York in the Vulture sloop-of-war, never again to return alive. The next day the sloop-of-war anchored in Tappan bay. Smith, the agent, came on board with a communication for Beverly Robinson, which Andre received and opened.

On the same night he landed on the shores of the Hudson in his uniform, under the direction of Smith. Was it vanity thus to place himself inside the American lines. He had a private interview with Arnold outside of Smith's house, which Smith says lasted until near daylight, when they separated for ever.

The next morning they, Smith and Andre, undertook to return by boat to the Vulture, but she had fallen down the river in consequence of Col. Livingston having brought some heavy guns to bear upon the ship from the shore, which threatened her destruction. This was another link in the web of Andre's capture.

They returned to Smith's house and staid there all night. According to Smith's account, Andre seemed much dejected. Smith says he did not know him otherwise than as an agent of General Arnold's, and that he had no knowledge of Andre in any way.

Andre changed his uniform for a coat of Smith's,

and the latter undertook to go part of the way with Andre to guide him on his route to New York by land. That night they slept within the American lines, Andre, or "John Anderson," appearing more dejected than ever, Smith writes.—He left him next day not a great distance from Tarrytown to pursue his journey alone to New York. He took a road different from the one directed by Smith.

He was captured at Tarrytown by three militia men, by his own want of judgment and coolness, the events of which are too well known to be related. He was taken to the quarters of Colonel Jameson, who commanded the nearest American lines.

Jameson, with perfect stupidity, permitted Andre or Anderson to write a note to Arnold, which the colonel sent forward. This gave time for Arnold to escape by his own barge down the river to the Vulture an hour before Washington's arrival from his interview with Rochambeau, the French commander at Hartford. In the meantime Andre had become known to Washington in a letter by his own confession.

He was tried by court martial and sentenced to be hung as a spy, and ordered for death by Washington, on the 30th September. Washington felt an interest in his fate and made an effort to save his life. The following anecdote was related to the writer by Matthias Ogden, Esq., a resident of Jersey City, a son of Colonel Ogden, now deceased, at one time Governor of New Jersey. He was then a captain in the Jersey line.

General Washington sent for him to come to camp. He of course obeyed orders. The following conversation ensued:

"Captain, your brother, Colonel Ogden, has an excellent horse."

"Yes, sir, but I have one as good."

"You know the road well between here and Powles Hook?"

"Every inch, sir."

"I wish to send a communication to the British officer commanding that post immediately. Select twenty men as a trooper escort; mount them on any horses you may choose, and come to my quarters at once."

"I will take the men out of my own company, sir, and mount them."

He was not long in returning. General Washington handed him a packet, and said,

"Ride as fast as possible to Powles Hook so as to be there by midnight at the extent, and return with the same speed so as to be here to-morrow morning."

"It shall be done, sir."

"A word or two confidentially. Take the commanding officer aside and whisper to him it is for Sir Henry Clinton and concerns the exchange of Andre for Arnold."

Captain Ogden, with his escort, rode with such rapidity that they reached Powles Hook about ten o'clock that night. It is now called Jersey City. At that time it was a peninsular, a creek separating it from the main line. Ogden bore a flag of truce, and was admitted, leaving his men on the other side of the creek. The officers were just seated at the mess table for supper when he was introduced.

He delivered his letter with the talismanic words in private. The officer's face lighted up with joy, he called for a boat, introduced the captain to the officers, who was invited to take a seat with them. Never was he better treated; the wine flowed freely, but there was no jest or joke passing round as usual. It seemed as if the officers anticipated his errand, and awaited with anxiety their commander's return. It was midnight before he came back, and his countenance was full of gloom. Taking Captain Ogden aside, he said, "Sir Henry Clinton says it is impossible in honor to deliver up Arnold, and if he did, there would be no spies; all would be suspicious of being delivered up."

Ogden immediately left. He found that his men had not been neglected, but well taken care of. They returned and reached camp within the required time. Thus Washington's attempt to save Andre's life failed, as did a meeting for the same purpose between General Greene on one side and General Robertson on the other.

On the 2d of October, 1780, (Andre, who had been reprieved, in the hopes of Arnold's delivery, to that time,) was hung at Tappan. He died like a brave man. Washington has been censured for not complying with Andre's request to be shot.—Who ever heard of a spy being shot? There is no such record in the annals of war.

To the honor of Captain Ogden be it said, he did not see Andre executed. He refused to go, he thought so much of the man. He perished as much regretted by the American as the British officers.

We give with this article fac simile profile cuts of himself and the Earl of Cathcart, then a colonel in the British army, as a specimen of Andre's skill as an artist. That he died justly by the rules of war none can doubt, but alas! to protect such a wretch as Arnold. Few names will go down to other generations more pitied and lamented than that of MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.



EARL OF CATHCART.

# PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

## THE BURIAL PLACE OF JOHN HAMPDEN.



UST at the close of the past summer, it was our privilege to sojourn at a hospitable old English house in Hertfordshire—a stately mansion with abundant space—and yet, withal, so comfortable and suggestive!—every nook fitted with old story-telling cabinets, or great high book-cases crammed with rare books—books that conjure up old memories, talk in quaint language, and have a dark-determined-knowledge-look. The walls, too, were impressive teachers, hung with fine portraits—Vandyke, Lely, and Sir Joshua—speaking from the canvass. And when our eyes were uplifted from the page, it was so delightful to us city dwellers to gaze out of the large windows into the green park, diving through dark recesses and deep hollows—beneath huge ‘Patrician trees.’ So still, so solitary was the dwelling, that, but for the hallowing view of the Church tower, and the smoke from the adjacent village of Aldbury, we might have deemed ourselves detenus in ‘the happy valley.’ It was so delicious to watch the clouds gathering over Moneybury Hill; to canter through the never-ending green drives of Ashbridge; to wonder at the tameness of the forest deer; to speculate on the geological formation of Incombehole, where giants might play at bowls; to creep among the venerable box-hedges, and appreciate the taste of the old monks of Aylesbury, who here established a Health-house for such of the brethren as were ‘sick in the flesh;’ to pause still longer on the ‘Beacon Hill,’ that rises boldly and verdantly above the village of Ivinghoe, and recall much that we have read, or tradition tells us, of the times of England’s bitter struggle between Despotism and Liberty,—when upon that very hill was kindled the answering fire, which told to Harrow the issue of the fight at Edge-hill, that Harrow might tell it to eager and anxious London! What fearful times—fearful to read of even now—most fearful to those who knew that the freedom of future England was in their keeping; when one of the hard Iron men, in whose high bravery and truth of purpose our utilitarian age finds it no easy matter to have faith, exclaimed, in the Commons House of Parliament, ‘We must fight as in a cock-pit—we are surrounded by the sea—we have no stronger holds than our own skulls and our own ribs to keep out our enemies!’

Pacing further back, we recalled the old rhyme—

‘Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,  
From the HAMPDENS did goe  
For striking the Black Prince a blowe.’

The three sisters were within our ken, while we stood on the Beacon Hill, and, without pausing to consider whether History confirms or contradicts the legend, THE NAME, thus suggested, reminded us that the home, and the grave, of the truest—the purest—the best—of England’s Patriots, was nigh at hand, among the far-famed Hills of the Chiltern Hundreds.\* A morning drive would take us there, through the quaint villages and green lanes of Buckinghamshire—all tranquil and grateful for the abundant realities of a full-lapped autumn; and then we might have some hours to ramble amid scenes the great and high hearted Patriot loved so well; thus commencing our PILGRIMAGES by a visit to one of the most interesting of England’s hallowed SHRINES.

We passed that evening with Lord Nugent’s interesting history of the Patriot, to whose dwelling we had vowed a pilgrimage; calling in, occasionally, to council, one of the Old Chronicles, or consulting a volume of grave Parliamentary Reports—resolved to strengthen and refresh our memory, before presuming to look upon the honored urn that contains the ashes of John Hampden.

We all knew when he was born—in 1604; that the city of London was his birth-place; and that he manifested an early love of letters, overcome only by those stern duties of the times to which taste and pleasure must unobtrusively yield. His reputation for scholarly attainments must have been considerable; for he was chosen to write the congratulations on the union of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth. Strange destiny! that Prince Rupert, the issue of that marriage, should have led the troops at Chalgrove, by whom John Hampden was slain! We found him, in 1613, studying the law in the Inner Tem-

\* From these Chiltern Hills is derived the name of three of the hundreds of Buckinghamshire, viz: Stoke, Desborough, and Bonenhams, constituting a district to which very frequent reference is made in the proceedings of Parliament, by means of the well-known phrase, “taking the Chiltern Hundreds.” It is a mere ceremony, a legal fiction, expressed by the words accepting the situation of steward or bailiff of her Majesty’s Chiltern Hundreds—an office purely nominal; for though, perhaps, the claim to some fees might be enforced, if duties were performed, yet as no functions are ever discharged, so no rewards are acquired by the holder; it is therefore only “in the eye of the law” that it is an “office of emolument.” No such office can be conferred by the Crown on a member of the House of Commons without his thereby vacating his seat; and it is only by obtaining office that any person *qualified* to sit in Parliament can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose, even without his consent.



ple; there acquiring the knowledge to which he afterwards gave practice to the salvation of that law. Yet this study in no degree hardened his nature; nor did it ever become stern under Puritan ascendancy: he loved worthily, and at twenty-five years old—in 1629—married whom he loved—Elizabeth, the daughter of Edmund Symeon, Lord of the Manor of Pyrton in Oxfordshire. His lineage was old and honorable, his fortune more than ample, his love successful, his mind nurtured to perfectness by severe and thoughtful studies, and enriched and adorned by the higher delights of poetry; while his healthful frame enabled him to enjoy all country sports amid the delicious scenery he loved—as fathers love their children—where he cherished, as twin-born, the home affections and the Liberty that glorifies the name of ENGLAND. How clearly we felt, while tracing out the vast possessions that made him, perhaps, the richest Commoner in the kingdom, and reveling over the little of either conversations or correspondence, that remain to those who would have sate at his feet for instruction—how clearly we felt that he was *forced* by troublous times from the privacy he loved; appearing suddenly, as Sir Philip Warwicke says, ‘with all great qualities ripened about him, of which he had never given a crude or ostentatious promise.’ He was, indeed, compelled to raise the standard by what, among many high and noble qualities, was the highest and noblest quality of his nature—a deep, stern, true, unquailing love of Justice! Although in Parliament during a portion of the reign of the first James, his fame, filling all England, is based upon the occurrences of the last few years of his great life. Like his cousin Cromwell, he entered the arena when the blaze of youth had sunk into the deep burning fire of middle age, he had numbered forty years before he was recognized as ‘the patriot Hampden.’ There is no record of his having bowed in the ante-room of the coarse and faithless James, for the title his mother coveted for her son: he had nobler aspirations, nobler company, than that which waited there; the Chronicles are radiant with the glorious names of those who constituted with him the GREAT MOVEMENT—the Parliamentary party. How they echo through the vaults of history! Wentworth, and Pym, and Eliot and Selden! But we write not a Chronicle—though tempted to dwell upon strange records of strange times—often with natural indignation, when we read how James, scrambling through his dignity more like an idiot-baby than an anointed king, could offer insults to men like these!

We glanced rapidly over the early reign of his successor, the first Charles; dignified by some high virtues; disfigured by lack of forethought and want of truth; born out of season; belonging to the past, unwilling to advance, if not incapable of moving, with the times that rose and swelled about him! Then the gathering of Parliaments—dark clouds heralding a tempest—now dispersing; now collecting—outraged in their dearest rights and privileges—struggling for their constituents, as men struggle for life, against ‘imposts,’ and ‘levies,’ and the worse mockery of ‘loans,’ which no man was free to refuse; Hamp-

den with his friends—laboring with them to the death, yet seeking no self-glory. As the horizon darkens, as the storm gathers, so does this great spirit come brightly forward—suffering imprisonments even in the GATE-HOUSE;\* but never swerving, for a moment, from the path of honor-



able, though perilous, duty. How glad are we to find him again free; and though retaining his seat for Wendover, once more listening to natural thunder from the depths of his own deep woods—watching the increasing breach between the king and the people, but surrounded by his home affections, while upholding the Puritan doctrines in which he trusted, and pondering the means of checking the tide of unlawful prerogative.—Strange minglings of good and evil!—inseparable from all destinies! He had suffered persecution, indignity, and imprisonment; but he was at home—with the wife of his bosom—the children of his love! Trusting in God—trusting, yet prompt for action. We rejoiced with him in his enjoyment of the free air, and in his strong hope of the future—the strongest of all strengths; but there and then a sorrow came upon him that, for a time, obliterated the past—put aside for awhile the public wrongs that wrung his heart; for even more full of agony than the wail of oppressed England, was the deep-toned bell of that little church—where they all sleep now—when it knelled out to hill and valley that the mistress of Hampden—the beloved and cherished of its lord, the wife and friend of his youth—had been called away from him, when her counsel, tenderness, and affection were needed most.

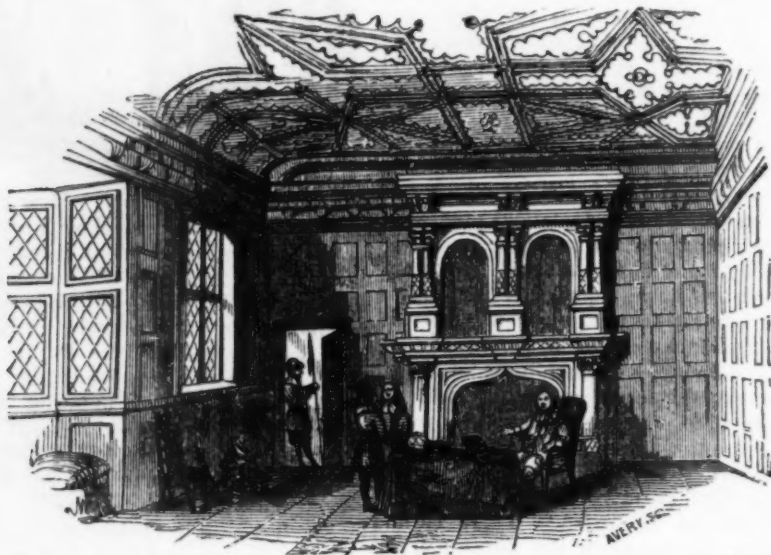
It takes brief time to read or tell of these events. Alas! the seeds of civil war were soon sown, and nurtured, both by King and Parlia-

\* Hampden was confined in the Gate-House for his opposition to the forced loans endeavored to be imposed on the country in 1625. This prison, which obtained much celebrity during the civil wars on account of the incarceration of so many eminent men within its walls, was erected in the reign of Edward III., and was originally the principal approach to the enclosure of the Monastery at Westminster from the open space in front of the western towers of the Abbey. It was converted into an ecclesiastical prison shortly afterwards, and was used for criminals on the suppression of monasteries. It was pulled down in 1777, at which period it had become a debtors' prison. Our view is from a drawing published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1836.

ment, who, now, wearied of each other, sought not peace. If the olive branch were held out, it was stripped of its leaves, and showed but as a dry and sapless twig. The patriot's energy was summoned from retirement by another blow struck at the country's liberty by the issue of a writ for the levying of 'SHIP MONEY.' SHIP MONEY!\* words steeped in the best and bravest blood of England—words to which we owed eleven years of nearly uninterrupted civil war! At the head of the resisters to this new impost, stood John Hampden; the eyes of the court and the people were alike turned upon the champion now ungloved; the subject fighting for the law—the monarch *against* it; the King and the Commoner pitted against each other to the death, all Europe abiding the issue! The Commoner was overthrown, but not in fair fight; the 'court rescue'

was the establishment of general discontent; the King and the People were separated for ever by a matter of thirty-two shillings and sixpence!

Turning over the leaves of old and modern histories, we found that ancient worthies of the Chilterns differ as to the exact spot upon which the money was levied, many localities contending for the glory. No matter the place; there is no doubt as to who piloted English liberty through this particular storm. After its lull, brief as it was, Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden would have sailed, with a chosen band of Puritan friends, to Connecticut; but the doomed king forbade their departure! Well for us that it was so. Truly, enjoying, as we were, that evening, the freedom of free speaking, thinking our own thoughts, and uttering our own words, without dread of STAR-CHAMBER\* or GATE-HOUSE, we



carried back these thoughts to things those grand old champions of our liberty wrought for us. Why do we utter hard words against these iron

\* The resuscitation of levies for furnishing ships to the king was one of the last acts of the life of Noy, the Attorney-General, who, by similar researches among obsolete usages, had already embroiled the court and country. He did not live to see this act enforced, but his friend the Lord Keeper Coventry warmly approving all means of extortion, revived a practice which had only existed in the earliest stages of English government, before the rights of the sovereign and people had been clearly defined: and which had, in these distant days, been but sparingly resorted to. Finding that sea-port and other towns had occasionally been called upon to furnish ships for the service of the crown, it was determined to revive the forgotten power which had been abrogated by Magna Charta, and make it the means of raising a direct and heavy tax over the whole kingdom, subject to the king's will alone. The pretended reason for the rate was the aggression of Turkish and other pirates; yet was the money obtained by this unpopular and unconstitutional tax so badly applied, that the Algerines took many English vessels, and made captives of nearly 5000 Englishmen, while the Dutch seized two ships (East India-men) valued at £300,000. At no period of our country's history was the British flag and the sovereignty of the seas less respected. The bold opposition of Hampden struck a death-blow to this levy, which had been enforced and obtained, owing to the fears of some, and the disinclination of others, who looked less at the great principle involved in the right of arbitrary taxation in the crown, than at the sum required from each person, and the trouble and danger of opposition.

men in ungarnished helmets? Staunch, stern, true, deep-hearted men,—enthusiasts, as all must be who work great changes,—men combatting with themselves as well as with their foes; fighting with the arm of flesh; and yet at war with those passions which lead strong men captive,—heroes in a double sense!

How rapidly, with those old books as our guides, did we pass over an interval of some ten

\* This building may be considered as the focus of Charles' despotism. From hence issued all the extortionate loans and levies which ended in the great civil war. So frightful in the end did it become, that its name infused terror, and to be "Star-chambered," was applied as a term indicative of the severest and cruellest infliction of semi-legal tyranny. In this court were men summoned by extra-judicial right, fined mercilessly and extravagantly, branded as felons, their noses split, and ears cut off, for acts and words less strong than many in use daily by the Press at the present time. The Star-chamber stood on the eastern side of New Palace Yard, and was originally a portion of the royal palace. It obtained the name *Camera Stellata*, from the walls or ceiling having been ornamented with stars; but the building in use for the meetings of this court from the end of the reign of Elizabeth until its abolition in 1641, although probably built on the site of the elder-chamber, was evidently of the Elizabethan era, as the letters E. R. and the date 1602 appeared over one of the doorways. It was pulled down in 1836, for the erection of the New House of Parliament. Our view exhibits the interior of the principal room, from a sketch made immediately previous to the demolition.

or eleven years, and then again find Hampden married to Letitia Vachell; but she could have had but little contentment with her great lord; his habits of life were changed; she never resided with him in the sweet bowers of the Chiltern Hills. He lived for the people's service, not his own pleasure; and during the time passed in London they resided (as we read) in 'lodgings near the house occupied by Pym in Gray's Inn Lane.'\*

The night was passing, and we were anxious about our next day's pilgrimage; we looked out into the park, the moon was shining brightly upon the upland woods, and the monument at the termination of the avenue to Ashbridge showed like a hugh spectre on the brow of Moneybury Hill. We felt it was time to restore to their shelves the venerable councillors who had revived our knowledge of the past; replacing a volume is like saying adieu to an old and dear friend; and there seemed an almost interminable number of last words to speak before we parted. In them all we saw, pitted against each other, the KING and HAMPDEN—the former, preserving his natural dignity and courtliness of bearing; unsparing of his own toil and presence to work out purposes unworthy;—the latter, having thrown away the scabbard when he drew the sword; chiefest among those who added to their rigid morals a noble and simple vigor; having put on, as Sydney says, 'the athletic habit of liberty for the contest.' And yet, during the short remainder of his

\* When Mr. John Forster was writing the lives of some of those great lights, he sought in vain for vestiges of their dwellings. They were probably "garden-houses" with a pleasant look out towards the country. John Gerard dates the dedication to his *Herbal*, published in 1597, "from my house in Holborne, in the suburbs of London." Gray's Inn Lane was at that time one of the principal roads into London, and was connected by the old bridle-ways with the great north roads at Highgate. In such suburban districts the old aristocracy lived, and the Lord Gray of Wilton having a mansion here in the reign of Edward III., gave name to the *Inn*, which became celebrated as the residence of some of our greatest lawyers.

great days how bitterly was 'the Patriot' tried—domestic sorrows loosening the cords of life! The funeral plumes that waved over the coffins of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Knightly, and his eldest son, were stirred by the trumpet blast, the howl of ruined villages, and the still more agonizing pangs of treachery—the treachery of relatives in whom he trusted! The motto on his banner,

'Vestigia nulla retrorsum,'

marked well his public course, and marshalled him, at the head of his troop, clad in the ancestral color of his house, the Lincoln green, to the various fields of Coventry, Southam, Worcester, Evesham, Edge Hill, Reading, Chalgrove; one by one these old chronicles were replaced; yet still we lingered in memory over pages eloquent with facts.

It was impossible to dismiss them from thought without again and again thanking God for the many blessings we enjoy in our age and generation—contrasting England of the present with England of the past; without rejoicing that the best lessons we receive in all high, all true, and more especially, all womanly virtues, issue from the Throne; knowing that no English woman of rank, elevated or humble, can have loftier aims or nobler ambitions, than to regulate a household, to bring up children, to study all domestic duties, in close imitation of Her, whose example is of far weightier force in her Kingdom than all the precepts of her servants in Divinity and Law. The times in which we live may abound in difficulties; the 'Arts of Peace' may have been cultivated to ruinous excess; we may have to guard against the enervating effects of luxury on the one hand, and the debasing inroads of poverty on the other; but we have liberty of conscience, no evil influences in high places, no civil war to ravage our lands and desolate our homes. Our task is but to preserve the freedom, purchased by the bold hearts, great heads, and iron arms of our forefathers—and to be grateful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## TALKS WITH YOU—ABOUT HUMBUGS.

BY CAROLINE C—.

You welcome me with a right hearty welcome this freezing winter night, do you not? Let me sit down close beside you, and hold your warm hands in my own, for I am cold, and weary, and it does me good to look into your pleasant face this evening, and with my whole heart I cannot refrain from wishing you the happiest possible New Year.

How cheerfully the fire is blazing on your hearth! Ah! there is no humbug at all about *that*; its warmth and cheeriness is a substantial reality—an expansive subject, about which I could expatiate endlessly, did I not feel far too good-natured, now that I am seated close beside *you*, to pronounce an irrevocable doom upon the odious “air-tights”—and besides, that is not what I have determined to talk about just now.

Hark! how savagely the wind is howling, like a wild beast let loose around the house! No matter for that, when we are so well sheltered. Pile on the wood—draw nearer to the fire, and we will drink to the health of the New Year. How nobly he has come in! With a struggle—but that is past; and now the youth is careering, not in the footsteps of his dead old father—his impetuous feet are rushing forward, whither none of his progenitors have trod. Between you and me, we must love this young stranger, not perhaps on his own account—though his wild, free spirits are enough to win the affections of any one who has nothing else to do but fall in love. We hardly know him as yet, but we can respect him, and are quite excusable for taking uncommon interest in the youth because of his noble sires and grandsires. Even in Democratic America, we cannot but respect one who can boast such a long line of respectable ancestors, and such “noble blood in his veins” withal!

We must remember, too, that, setting aside all his pomp of relationship, this same new comer will have, himself, considerable to do with us—he will work wondrously in our destiny—so before we have got any farther on in our acquaintance with him than the mere formal introduction—before we know whether he will prove our friend or enemy, we will resolve to use him well; shall we not? But setting him aside for a moment, I mean in thought, for *personally*, for twelve long months, he will be our constant companion, let us speak of something else.

I cannot but congratulate you, my friend, that you are in possession of such a comfortable home—you have been well instructed in the *art* of fire-side enjoyment. Those rich warm curtains, how they irresistibly warm the heart, shutting out so closely all prospect of the dark clouds, and the storms, and the snow, and the ice, and the half-frozen passers-by in the streets of Winter! and the bright lamp-light, almost as good as a second pair of eyes, what a show, and reality too, of gladness and enjoyment it diffuses through your room! You have pictures too, glorious pictures,

which open so wide the gates of the ideal land! blessed be the artists! And you have books, the rich “wisdom of the wisest,” and music—why, *what* a home you have—how happy you must be—but peradventure you *are not* happy. Speedily then search out the root of bitterness, if there *be* any, it must exist in your own heart—if, in *such* a home, happiness is not, the fault, believe me, is not in your “stars,” but in your own self.

I have said there is no humbug in your generous warm fire, but while we sit here so cozily together, let’s moralize a little—I trust we shall agree.

Full and running over with humbug is this broad earth of ours to my eye. Indeed, my friend, even in contemplation of so monstrous and mighty a thing as human life, I have oftentimes been tempted to think it is *all* one glorious specimen of the power of take-inity.

For instance, consider the grand theme of *human* love, and tell me what *you* think of it. Is it not rather like a great flourish of trumpets through the world, which herald in a — nothing? Yet how constantly is that word love lingering on the *lips* of men! It is the subject of ceaseless talk with philosophers and moralists, and like a thread of fire it runs through the discoursing of every poet. It is the essence *said to pervade the whole earth and every human heart*: is it so? In our whole vocabulary there are no three words so easily pronounced as “*I love you.*” Have they any meaning? Glance but a moment at the recorded and *un-written* lives of men—gaze but a second on the terrible profundity of darkness existing in the human heart—if you see not enough to make you exclaim at once, Love, of *all* delusions, *thou* art chiefest!—then I hail yours a truthful and wondrously hopeful soul, my friend, and take hope and heart again to myself from having made your acquaintance.

Setting aside love then, (*you* believe there is after all *something* in that, and most respectfully I make the exception on your account,) there is in the world—the *man-made world*—an immense amount of unmitigated humbug, which, like a dense fog, surrounds almost every particle of truth! Do you buy—do you sell—do you love—do you hope—do you believe?—then you know very well what I am talking about. You understand me far beyond all necessity of explanation. Do you make many friends? You are young, and rejoice, and exult in these friendships—I will not make your wisdom on *this* point, I will only hope it may not be *your* experience to find friendship the saddest of *all* humbugs.

Fame! Was ever delusion like that? Yes, many, many less supporting and consoling in their nature, and yet see how strangely even fame partakes of the transient nature of moonshine.

There are many kinds of worldly humors, but I speak now of those that cling to the man who is crowned with the crown of *literary* honor.

His genius is proclaimed through the world, and all men "join to do him reverence." How readily and reverently we bend the knee to him whom we hail a prophet, priest, and king in the Temple of Genius! But a day comes when him we almost deified is summoned from the throne of his earthly triumph.

Scarcely is he laid helpless and voiceless in the tomb, when another and still more aspiring mortal comes into the field, and shows his mighty strength in dismantling the proud monument of our god, and his remorseless hands tear down, "from turret to foundation-stone," the record of power and skill the dead man left. Ah! how eager the newly-risen one is to expose to us the sandy foundation and the crumbling stones whereon our lost friend reared his stately structure! How exultingly he points to all the ruin which *his* hands have made! How soon our amazement and grief subsides into contempt and carelessness! and then, most of all—what finally completes the whole, and makes our "hero-worship" but a brilliant piece of humbug, we *forget* the illustrious dead!

But I must draw still more closely together the limits of this conversation, or we shall fail, I fear, to deduce from it any home truths. Illustrations are the great fashion of the day, and you know there is nothing so unpardonable as *being out of fashion*, therefore I will illustrate my *argument*.

As I came hither I passed by a most luxurious home, surpassing even *yours* in point of richness and stateliness. But do not let this statement excite your envy, for worlds I would not possess that mansion if I must take with it all that will one day burden the heart and the conscience of its owners. They are welcoming in the New Year joyfully, with dancing and music, and all kinds of *refined* merry-making there; they are celebrating *his* debut (with whom they have *personally* no more to do than the most ragged and filthy beggar in the streets,) as they would celebrate the birthday of a first-born. But as I passed on the ice-bound pavement by that dwelling, whose master and mistress I know well, more intently than on the young, and light-hearted, and beautiful gathered there, my mind's eye rested on the lady of that house. I could see with what pride, and stateliness, and almost queenly air she receives the homage and "compliments of the season" of her guests. I know her graceful, and refined, and accomplished—there can be no difference in people's opinion as to that—but apart from all this, I would speak of the lady's early life, and of *my* impression of her character.

Twenty years ago this New Year's day, she stood in the establishment of an extensive dealer in ready-made clothes, with a bundle of garments in her hand which she had just finished. She was then, as the romancers have it, in *the first blush of beauty*. Bewitchingly fair she was indeed, despite the miserable garments which looked as strangely out of place upon that noble form, as a deal frame surrounding a rich painting. From her early childhood she had labored as she was laboring then, for support; she had never known anything of ease, nor indeed much of comfort. The only child of parents who were counted poor

among the poor, she was early left alone in the world to provide for herself, and this she had resolutely, and well done, by constant and untiring diligence. It was no ordinary spirit that possessed that young girl. There was energy in her character which made her disdainfully repel the thought of groping her way in darkness and penury all her life. There was an ambitious spirit within her which kept alive the intense desire of *being something in the world* besides a poor unknown seamstress; there was a strong hope ever with her that she should one day fill quite another station in life than that which she then occupied.

Till this "never-to-be-forgotten" New Year's morning she had always been waited upon in this *establishment* by one of the head-clerks, but on this particular day the master of the shop came forward himself, and received from her the work done, paid her, and with unusual liberality allowed her a trifle more than she had earned, and having given her another package of pieces out of which raiment was to be fashioned, he wished her a happy New Year, and graciously attended her to the door of his shop.

Deep in the mysteries of dollars and cents, and revolving in his brain eternally plans for aggrandizement and *progress*, for that too was *his* hobby as well as *hers*, the young merchant had never before even noticed Jenny Ewin when she came and went from his store. But on this morning Robert Retson was in particularly good spirits. He had examined his books of the past year; he had learned that his profits had even exceeded his expectations, and this knowledge had imparted a cheerfulness and satisfaction to his mind, as welcome as it was unusual. He was just in the right mood for admiring anything beautiful or pleasing, presented before him, no matter in what shape. No wonder then that the fair face and noble form of Jenny Ewin took such a strong hold on his fancy.

Next to his own prosperity, the chief thought in the merchant's mind all that day was that a most admirable looking girl was this Jenny, and that a certainly desirable and *stylish* looking wife she would make. He had heard the seamstress spoken of by his clerks as being a very "paragon," as far as outward appearance went, and astonishingly quick at work, earning by her needle double the sums earned by other females who were also employed by him. Oftentimes his curiosity had been awakened in regard to her, but till this New Year morning fortune had never thrown him in the way of the young seamstress. Now that he had seen her, it was wonderful what an effect was produced on his mind, till that time shockingly obtuse on the subject of female beauty, for, be it known, Robert was a bachelor.

From that day the master seldom failed to be in the way when Jenny Ewin brought, twice in each week, her finished work; and ere long his attentions extended far beyond the mere wishing her a very good morning, and informing her of the state of the weather, &c. Sometimes, when he was not buried "head and ears" in the most interesting work that was ever honored with his attention—his day-book—he would accompany her on her return to her humble home; and he

even went so far one rainy day, yes, even he, the aspiring, wholesale Robert, as to protect her from the *drizzling element* by his umbrella, while he experienced a kind of happiness in carrying it over her beautiful head.

All this, one could not but foresee, in a man like Robert Retson, must *mean* something; and it *did* mean something; and to that *something* Jenny was not blind; for before another New Year came, *ave*, before six months had passed away, she was Mrs. Robert Retson, and lived in a comfortable, pleasant house, that bore as little resemblance to her former dismal and lonely home, as it does to the splendid mansion where she is living now.

It was not suddenly, nor by magic, that Mr. R. R. reached the consummation of his wishes, and became a truly rich man. No, indeed; it was only after years spent in the "business-line," where his accumulations were *never* foolishly expended; it was only by gradual enlargement of his store, and *slowly* extended operations, that he became what our "merchant-princes" might even condescend to denominate wealthy. They were well mated, Robert Retson and his wife. Both were desirous and determined on riches, which they believed, and justly, to be one chief instrument to aid them in "rising in the world." So they lived prudently like sensible people, knowing very well that but in one way could riches be laid up, and their great desire consummated. And they worked hard too. Of all the "hands" employed by the enterprising wholesaler, there were not any that plied a busier or more successful needle than his young wife. Robert and his wife made but few acquaintances. Why should they? Their fortune once made, how suddenly they would give the back street on which they lived a "cut direct." And when filling their stylish home to-be, how much better to have few neighbors and acquaintance, to give the cut also—for of course it was out of the question to suppose that the friends of their humbler days would be fit acquaintance in their longed-for future! Oh! they were wise people, indeed they were, this Mr. and Mrs. Robert Retson! They had studied well the secret means of *getting on in the world!*

Well, the day for which they toiled, and planned, and contrived, by day and by night, came at last; and one bright morning saw the gentleman and lady entering their splendidly-furnished house in a fashionable quarter of the city. The flourishing wholesale store of Robert Retson, Esq., passed into the hands of his confidential clerk, and the "retired gentleman," whose mind since boyhood had been through his whole life to all intents and purposes buried in thoughts and aims of profit, set himself about calmly and *sensibly enjoying life*. Was it not high time such reward should come to him? Remember he had been forty years preparing for such a day!

Perhaps it would not be digressing to much for me to ask how well capacitated you think a man is, in retirement and idleness, to enjoy life, when, for thirty, or forty, or fifty years, his mind has been constantly on the stretch and alert,—eager above all other things to buy and sell and get gain? Perhaps, if you do not unfairly seek to

evade the question, you will think with me that, common as such thoughts and plans are in the minds of men, there never can be a more mistaken idea of the nature of happiness than he entertains who seeks for it thus. And miserably humbugged is the man who thinks, *in a moment*, to change the whole current of his life, expecting his bark to glide as smoothly and peacefully on as it did before!

The aforesaid merchant and his wife removed, as I have stated, into a fashionable quarter of the city—as much unknown, be it understood, as in the great world, or rather *little* world inhabited by the "upper ten," as they were on the respective mornings when their appearance created new wants in two needy households. It is useless now to tell you how manifold were "the twists upon twists, and the tricks upon tricks" whereby the hitherto "unheard-of's" *wormed* (most emphatically) their way among the "exclusives," and came to be known, and talked about, and quoted, and imitated. To make the matter short, they adopted the means usually adopted by such people for such means—(I might give you a recipe, but forbear now)—and found they succeeded "to a charm."

But in this attainment there was no danger of ridicule being drawn down upon Mrs. R. R., by the publicity which she sought; she carried not with her into the brilliant circles of refinement and luxury, where she had forced her way, that vulgarity, and coarseness of mind and manner, which oftentimes are the accompaniments of such ambitious seekers. The fact is, this woman was, as she is still, at the time of her introduction into *the* world, a masterpiece of beauty and grace. She had been distinguished for it in poverty; it had shone through and above her wretched garb, and when the glittering crown and robes of wealth were laid upon her, they were but meet and proper raiment—and then the glorious picture showed well in its gilded frame!

Sorry am I that I cannot report similar fact respecting the lady's mind. Would it be a truthful and natural story, if I could? Proud—ambitious—poor! proud—satisfied—wealthy! Such a change could not be wrought in any mortal without the corresponding changes in the mind.

It was impossible with her, as it is with every human being, to give themselves wholly up to one absorbing and intense desire, to labor, and direct every effort to one attainment, without being touched, tinged, or tainted by the efforts they make, and by the actual possession of the object sought. If it is goodness, and holiness, and purity, for which such constant, unwearied struggle is made—if a mind naturally strong and unbending, seeks through long years such object, living all the while in such a manner which must guaranty the supposition that it would one day not fail of attaining holiness, and almost *perfect* goodness, even while that seeker of things heavenly is yet far from being satisfied with the progress he has made, while he is most ready to confess himself in all sincerity a most miserable sinner, *you* would behold in him one meet already to be a partaker of the rest of the saints; you would see in him *almost* an angel on the earth.



If it be dominion and power that an active, decided mind is seeking—if the terrible strength of man's soul be bent to the grasping of command, I surely need not tell you how ambition directed toward the attainment of such object eventuates. Almost unconsciously your mind will turn to the island-rock in the far Southern sea, upon that solitary man stricken in the very height of his pride and power, by the bolt of God's heavy displeasure. You will not think of him only as he was there, shorn of his grandeur, a captive and helpless—you will also remember him in the pride of his greatness, stripping from him, and laying at the feet of insatiate ambition, the love which of itself made him greater than the greatness he coveted—you will see him ceaselessly and consciously doing violence to justice, and love, and truth. You will behold him wronging the nobleness of his nature continually, and bowing with ever-increasing adoration before the terrible God, which at last made even "the desolate later desolate." If more contracted in its outer influence than the ambition that fires the warrior and leads him on to loathsome and bloody, though brilliant deeds, yet as sad and as certain is the change which sweeps over him who gives himself up early in life to the one sordid end of acquiring wealth. It is more contracted—but the very contraction, and necessary concentration of that influence, makes it *fearful*! It is wise, it is well to prepare for the hour of sickness; it is pleasant to repose in peace and ease, when the shadows of age are gathering round, with the knowledge that one's own hand has gathered all these comforts and luxuries together which surround him. But it is *not well*, it is *not wise*, to bend down the lofty hopes and the aspirations of youth to the mere object of worldly aggrandizement; it is not well to see the bright eyes of youth changed to the cold and stoney glare of dollars and cents; it is not pleasant to note the close corners of the *calculating* mouth, the wrinkles early gathering on the youthful brow, and the locks of manhood tinged with gray. It is *not* pleasant to observe all this, and know that the life of the young man has become already as a mint; that the generous thoughts are coined; that the noble heart, the sympathies, the affections, the hopes, and the desires are all, all coined, bearing each the image and superscription of the money-god. It is not well to see how cold, and cautious, and selfish, and hard, the *man* becomes, who would not, could not recognize himself, and who in fact is hardly to be recognized as the glad, and noble, and hopeful boy, the careless child, the tender, sinless infant.

There is no necessity of taking this latter case as *supposable*, if you are not in a state of almost *impossible unsophistication*; you have seen, you know, God grant you have not *felt* this sad, strange change which the love and worship of money, and of the place they buy, induces in the human heart, therefore I need not dwell on the unpleasant subject longer.

There are no children to gather around the board and hearth-stone of Robert Retson; none to spend and inherit the wealth which he has been so many years in accumulating. To them-

selves they have gathered it—it is *their own*; they only may employ and enjoy it. There may be a pleasure to them in the mere *possession* of riches such as theirs, I think there is. They spend their money freely for it is almost unbounded, and Jenny Retson has the name of being *so charitable*! Does it seem strange to you that people should *know* of her charities, since it seems to be of the nature of "the greatest of these" to dispense aid, and kindly words, which are of themselves a kind, and a noble kind of charity—in *secret*? I will tell you. There is not a subscription paper circulated among the "upper ten" but bears *her* name among the very first, accompanied by a noble sum well worthy her riches; and in the church, and *always publicly*, her well-filled purse is in her hand, and she is ready to distribute. It would not be *charity* in me to say that she doeth it "that men may see her good works;" and whether in order that they may "glorify their Father which is in heaven," I cannot add. Let us talk a little more about her charity, for it is towards this point I have all the while been verging.

This very day—yes, the morning of this glad New Year—Mrs. Retson descended to the basement of her splendid mansion to give the concluding directions for the brilliant display she contemplated for this evening. In the midst of the important directions she was giving to a servant respecting the entertainment on which enormous sums had been already lavishly expended, a timid, faltering knock, as of a child, was heard at the outer door; and in a moment, a little girl, whose garments were wet with the melting snow, came into the great kitchen. She looked around the well-warmed room, as though her eyes were little used to such a scene of comfort; but when they rested on the stately woman who bent upon her such an inquiring gaze, that had but little of pity in it, she turned slowly and half-falteringly towards the stove. Spreading out her little hands over the hot iron, and shivering with cold, she drew the wet, ragged shawl, which was, alas! such a miserable protection from the storm, through which she had braved her way hither, closer about her slender form, and stood as though fearful of breaking the terrible silence (as it seemed to her) which had ensued on her entrance into the kitchen.

"What does the child want?" at length asked the *lady*, in a sharp, heartless tone of voice, oh! how different from the soft, thrilling words she addresses to her guests to-night! Had she but known it! The gentle tones she utters now on those who need them not, had made that poor child happy to day—had won for herself a blessing without price. "What does the child want?" Oh! there came an answer to the harsh words, which *should* have touched the heart of the beautiful lady—an answer from the child, whose tears flowed fast as she spoke, which should have haunted her human heart, which she will remember, I know, in an hour when she will vainly strive to forget it. "Bread, lady, for mother is sick, and we are *very* hungry!"

"The usual story—these odious beggars!" exclaimed Mrs. Retson, turning from the ragged

child to the well-clad, well-fed servant—"Do you send them off, Sarah, every one who presumes to come here; I, for one, will not encourage them in their impudence."

The child heard these cruel words—they were enough. She knew that she had begged in vain, and turning hastily away from the warmth within, she endeavored to fold the remnant of a shawl closer about her, ere she should go forth and face the driving storm again.

"Stay a moment," cried the lady, as the girl lifted the door-latch, "stay, I will give you something for your dinner for the sake of that pretty face of yours, though you do not really deserve any thing. Here are some pieces the servants cannot eat, and the dogs won't; they will make a good meal for you. Take them, but be sure you never come here again; and take my advice, go to work at once, the sooner the better; this begging about the streets is no way to get a living."

Work! the child is about nine years old, she cannot be more! Oh! how oblivious time and good fortune have made that woman to the past! I trow Jenny Retson did not remember to-day of *her* youthful years. She has quite forgotten—she who has rested for so long—the time when in weariness she labored for a mere subsistence; she has forgotten those days of old, over which for so long the cloud of darkness hung, when not a beam of light illumined her way! She does not remember—oh! strange and sad forgetfulness!—how much she would have given *then* for one kind word of encouragement, for one particle of friendly aid or sympathy! The glittering veil of prosperity had dropped between her and all such unpleasing recollections; they do not haunt her now!

The child went from that stately dwelling-place with the bones servant and dog refused, in her wet apron, a choice nourishment indeed for her sick mother! and the lady thought no more of her, or of her *charity*!

If you care to know more of the little beggar, this much I can tell. To-night, while Mrs. Retson is entertaining her guests in so much style and lavishness of display, if you will but look in a home some distance from this elegant abode, you will see a broken-hearted, sick woman, striving to get a little nourishment—alas! how different from that she needs!—from these dry crusts, and unsavory bones. You will see what will assuredly make your heart bleed, if you care to pause a moment, and remember the myriads of families *beside* this, suffering this joyous winter night from hunger and from cold!

Sick at heart from being so cruelly repulsed, the little girl went to no other house to-day. She found it a harder thing than even the rich woman believed, this begging from door to door, and hearing from careless lips the insults, which they who know not what it is to be hungry and cold *from poverty*, choose to heap upon the helpless, who know not any other way when the hard winter, and sickness, and destitution overtake them, but to send forth their children to ask—oh! they might well ask—in God's name, for the food and the raiment which they, more favored chil-

dren, more trusted, honored stewards of His bounty, have no right, *and should not dare, to withhold!*

Do not believe I am romancing; but rather bless Heaven, if you, my friend, have not, this New Year's morn, been tempted in your own rejoicings, to turn a deaf ear to the calls for charity which have been made on you.

I would not care to reveal what was in the heart of that sick woman while she lies in her uncomfortable bed, *hungry and cold*—do but think of *that*—and heard the sad story of her child's ill success, and saw the little one's tears, and thought the while on all the homes where joy and *thanksgiving* (?) reigned to-day. If you are human, you know well enough what must have been in her mind. I do not *say* she questioned the providence of God; nor that she wondered and was amazed that she, no better perhaps, but surely no worse than they, should lie there so full of pain, and so miserable, while *her* child was withheld from all that gladdens and rejoices the heart of childhood so particularly at this happy time of the year. I will not say there was bitterness in her heart, as she listened to the merry voices of the passers-by, and heard the jingling of sleigh-bells, and the hurried tread of light feet, which spake of happy hearts and comfortable homes to which these feet were hastening. I would not assert she was sorely tempted to curse God and life, and die, as one of old, when she saw the wan sunlight peering into her desolate home, revealing all the want that was there, laughing almost in her face at the empty cupboard and fire-place, which were all that she could boast—I only ask you to think of yourself as for a *moment* filling her place—what thoughts would be filling your mind and heart! Would patience continue in your heart her perfecting work? Would smiles dwell on your lips? Would such joy pervade your whole being that it would overflow in the shape of blessings on every God-made creature? or, would you look with loathing on your kind, which could send you, in the time of sickness and distress, the fragments from a table, which even the very dogs refused? What say you? But you are rubbing your eyes and wondering what all this I have said has to do with humbugs. I might reply, "much every way." Now that you have the secret of Mrs. Retson's *public* and *private charities*, perhaps you too have arrived at the conclusion that the whole of it was *no* charity at all, but a very *ridiculous humbug*. The truth is, there is more of genuine "moonshine" clinging to, and passing off as true charity, in the world, than almost in any other branch of the Christian morals; perhaps than there is in all of them together. When one of the Gospel Immortals proclaimed to his people and the world that greater than Faith, which is as a Star in the East to guide the weary traveller safe through every storm and danger, and that greater than Hope, which is the Sun to our life, is this most excellent gift, Charity, do you imagine *he* conceived it *possible* that one day the mere doling out of a few dog-and-servant-refused morsels would be dignified with that name?

You lie down on your warm couch to-night, wanting for nothing under heaven—no, not even,

perhaps, the blessing of God; pleasant dreams will hold you in their soft embraces. But before you listen to these sweet songs of fairy land, let me ask you a question that I would to heaven my voice might ring through the ends of the earth—how many hearts have *you* made glad to-day? Of all the multitude, of the crowd nigh surrounding you, how many have you made go to their rest this evening, feeling, as the light of the New Year grows stronger over head, that they have, what they almost began to fear they had not, a friend upon this cheerless earth! How many have you sent to their rest well fed and warm for the first time in long weeks? How many hearts have *you* empowered to think over your name, and mingle with it blessings for your charity, and far more, ah! yes, *far more* for your kind and sympathising words?

I am told there is much of sterling charity in words of advice given to the hungry beggar at my door. This is a very truism; but so long as I know the power of physical want, I also cannot fail knowing how worse than idle is unasked advice to the faint and weary mortal, who perhaps, probably knows far better what disposition to make of himself, and of his time, than we, such perfect strangers to his life, and his intentions, and desires. I do not deny it is well to administer sometimes *such* charity, but I do say, we should examine and take good heed to whom, and wherefore we address it. Let not an idly-spoken word, or for-a-moment-interested thought, in its utterance, part the husband and the wife. If any human feeling is still left in her breast, she can bear *his* unkindness far better than your cruel words of *him*, whom she *has* loved, whom, despite his faults, she may still love.

Do not bid the little child who is yet, if the children of the poor *ever* are, in the land of the blessed ideal—do not bid her, with rebuking words to “go to work.” Remember you, whose days are passed in pleasant idleness, in blessed, or rather unblest ease, remember how hard those little hands will become through the toil of years—the very years which with you will pass so swiftly and so happily away. Think, as night after night draws on, how wearied and care-worn she will grow. How she will rise early, and toil through the long day, and yet her work cease not as the even-time draws nigh. It is an easy thing to bid a child *work*; it requires no very great exertion to tell the fainting but loving woman to seek a home in the poor-house, and bind out her children, the children for whom, blessed be God! she feels as much affection, and “receives as great a recompense of reward” in loving, as the richest, proudest mother! and you may call this *charity*; it does not *make* it so. As long as this world endures, as long as one portion of His children have ten talents committed to their trust, and to others barely one, it is a *duty* terribly binding on every one who hath, to aid his brother whom he seeth in need of his aid. Why pray God’s kingdom may speedily come? Is it not idle, a very mockery indeed, when we scorn and spurn His poor, who with us are bound eternity-ward!

Now, is there not a vast amount of humbugging in this so-called charity! Of all the Chris-

tian graces of which an obtainment of reputation is so easy, there is none perhaps in which it is so difficult honestly to perfect oneself. Threefold in its nature—of thought, and of word, and of deed—it comprehends almost every excellence, and adornment of the Christian character, it is the illuminate power which, when possessed in its fullness, must make the owner a shining light, which *cannot* be hid. Let us see to it that we know something of charity beyond its mere name—so that, in that day when we shall be sent, like the most miserable of beggars,

“Stripped, and naked to the grave,”

we may not blush to think of the time when we were clothed “in the purple and fine linen” of riches every day.

Of the life that remains on earth to Robert Retson and his wife I may not speak, without it is in the language of a prophet, which I do not profess to be. If revelling in the fashion of this world, and making “idols” of such “a perishing thing” as gratified ambition, and the like, *can* make the happiness of immortal mortals, then I cannot hesitate in saying they will be happy always. But if, when old age creeps over them, they have not laid up in their past a store of better recollections than they have yet done, I scarcely think they are among the to-be-envied people of the earth. The splendid woman will not care to think of more than *one* pale little face from whose tale of want and sorrow she has turned with a deaf ear away!

Oh! let not this New Year shine upon you as it does on her, an unworthy recipient of His goodness and mercy! She is the admiration, and wonder, and envy of the circle in which she moves—but still unworthy, unworthy! What would you think were you see a child, snatched by kindly hands from a life of penury and distress, and reared in a home of luxury, at an age too when she could retain a vivid recollection of the destitution of her early days, what would you say if you saw such an one turning unmindfully from the cries of the children of her father and her mother, who lived in misery beneath the same roof where first she saw the light? You would turn away in horror from such an one, and all her beauty, and grace, and charms, would be loathsome in your sight. Could we but look upon life thus! for it is in just such a light the King of Heaven regards us all. All his children—fed by his bounty—yet some through *one* negligence and selfishness feeding on the husks and the crumbs of the bountiful repast.

Do not, with the impression that beggars are oftentimes impostors, draw the conclusion that *all* are unworthy, and therefore decide you will not give at all. It betokens a strange and not desirable state of mind, when one, either early or late in life, can turn a deaf ear to the voice of want. Just imagine for a moment what must be their thoughts, to whom only a glance at the comforts of life is given—and these comforts in the possession of another—think with what feelings they must watch your richly and warmly-robed form treading through the very streets where they



must walk with downcast eyes, and looks of deep humility—who must draw nigh to you, and speak with you only in the language of supplication!

I have heard of beggars sometimes spurning the proffered crusts and bones of them who find the unsavory store so fast increasing that they can *afford* to give the worst away! I do not, cannot wonder at it, when I think they are the same in nature as we, I cannot be amazed that they *spurn* sometimes in bitterness of heart the refuse of the tables, from partaking of whose fatness chance only has expelled them!

Our country does not, like the old world, teem with multitudes of paupers, but there are poor enough surrounding us. See to it, you whose larger charities go abroad to the ends of the earth, you know not whither, which are indeed like "bread cast upon the waters," which shall return again. Do not, in giving for purposes in which you cannot feel so deeply interested because of your very ignorance of the recipients, do not shut from yourself the luxury of making one human heart happier and better. Do not deprive yourself of the joy of seeing one care-dimmed eye growing brighter, one desponding voice becoming more glad and joyous in its tone because of your aid. Oh! there is a blessing more to be coveted than riches, and power, and knowledge—it is the blessing the Almighty God pronounces on the

heart of the "cheerful giver;" and much of humbug as there is attending this most "excellent of gifts," and masquerading in its outer garb, there is in it the loftiest, and chiefest virtue; therefore, if to-night, when I say to you, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind, and envieth not, and is not puffed up, nor vaunteth itself, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and *never* faileth;" if you can say in reply to all this, "It is mine, this heavenly charity," then, ere I go from you, then would I say, peace be in your house, and happiness in your heart; though even this is half idle, when the very fountain of Love, which *is* Charity, dwelleth in you, and will be ever with you a source of unfailing joy and consolation.

If I have inveigled you into hearing a discourse on charity, by presenting the subject under what might prove a more attractive head, do not feel that you have exactly been humbugged; for I do assure you, my dear friend, there is something fearfully *real* in the power which human beings have to do good to one another; and if, under any feint, I have induced you to think to-night more earnestly of what you have little thought upon before, I cannot consider my work on this New Year's day a profitless and useless one.

## DEATH OF THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

DESOLATE Mother—over sad and lonely,  
Mourning for one to thy own bosom dear,  
Thy precious daughter—well beloved and only—  
How oft these thoughts awake the silent tear.

For that loved voice and step—thy heart is yearning,  
Ye almost listen—but it is all in vain—  
To thy fond memory they are oft returning,  
But ye can never hear them in thy home again.

To years of childhood's night, and rosy pleasure,  
Thy bleeding thoughts return when she was thine,  
And time had made her thy companion—treasure—  
For thought and use had ripened well her mind.

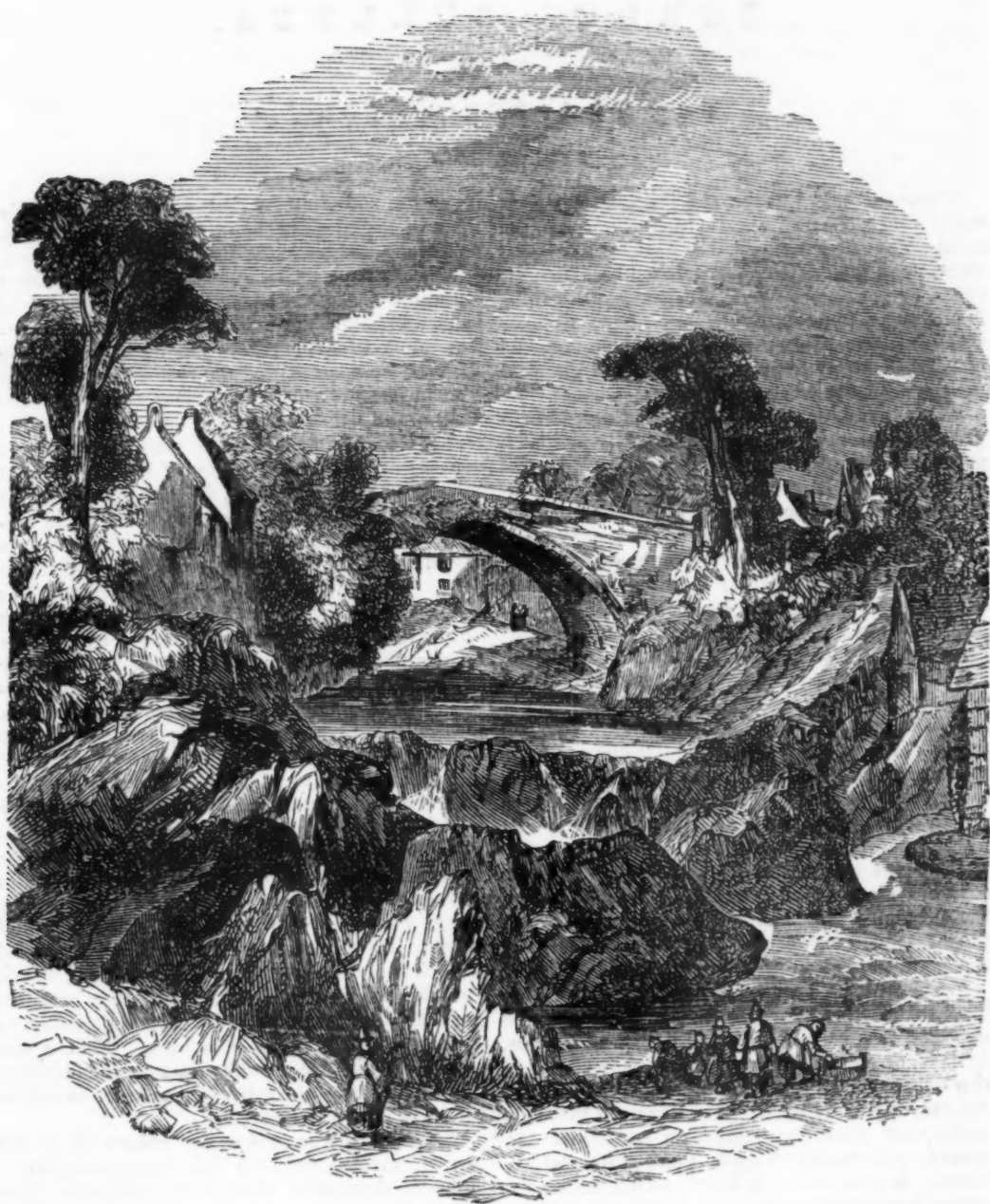
Her tenderness and worth, and deep affection,  
Is a rich legacy to thy lone heart.

And while ye grieve, it is a sweet reflection  
That "gold wants wealth" such blessings to impart.

And ye are not alone in sorrow mourning,  
For she had other friends that knew her worth,  
That loved the gentle virtues all her life adorning,  
That mingled tears with yours when she left earth.

But this short life with us will soon be ended,  
Its joys—its sorrows—all will pass away—  
Where Jesus is by Seraphim attended,  
May it be ours to join that bright array.

There may ye meet—for there alone 'tis given,  
To dwell in perfect happiness and love,  
Oh! to exchange this *dying* world for Heaven,  
Is bliss reserved for those who meet above.



### R H A Y A D E R .

THIS is one of the numerous wildly romantic views on the river Wye in Wales. Its name is pure Celtic and the meaning of it is the cataract. To us Americans who are accustomed to Niagara Falls, the Falls of the Passaic, the Genesee Falls, Trenton Falls, and numerous other stupendous water falls, such cataracts as that of the Wye do not very forcibly impress the imagination. But our English friends make the most of their small water falls.

"Rhayader, as you approach it, has a strange wild appearance, perhaps wilder than any other place on our river; and indeed it would not be

easy to find its rival on any other river, either in England or Wales. A huge rocky dyke stretches across the bed of the stream, and seems to shut out its progress. In some places the water forces its way over the barrier, but the main body winds round, and through breaks in it. Before the bridge was built, the water used to rush over and form a noble cascade, whence the town derived its name—Rhayader Gwy, for so it is called in Welch, signifying 'the cataract of the Wye.' But when the bridge was erected, the bed of the river was deepened, and the fall in consequence destroyed.

## BORDER BULLETS.

NO. IV.

## THE TRAPPER'S STORY.\*

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

"AND so," said I to the old Trapper, as we sat cosily over a cheerful wood fire, after partaking of an abundant supper, "you, who have been fed, as it were, upon real dangers, and lulled to sleep, for years, by portentous winds, do not profess to be invulnerable to attacks of fear? How singular that you, the boldest among bold hunters, the hardest of hardy trappers, should plead guilty to such a womanly weakness."

"I can't say, youngster," answered the old man very complacently, as he filled another pipe with genuine Cavendish; "I can't say as I'm ashamed to tell you that I have been afraid. It certainly is a quality of a brave man to fear danger; a rash man may unnecessarily court it. For my part, I have never felt inclined to throw away my life foolishly, but have yet ventured it carelessly where it was endangered, when I knew it was my duty to do so. Agin, I've been unknowingly drawn into curious scrapes, almost impossible to get out of, and in one or two cases felt as if I would rather be at home under my buffalo skin in the corner, though there mightn't be as much glory in it. Did I ever tell you a singular affair of mine that happened—, but I know I haven't told you this; so, if you will draw your chair up a little closer, and lay another log on the fire, I'll try and interest you for an hour or so."

I needed no second bidding. The log was soon blazing away at us; and as, in the interim, the old man's pipe had been newly replenished, preparatory to one of his long tales, I drew my low chair to his side as he commenced.

"I never kept a log-book or almanac in all my life," said the old man quietly, "and so I can't be expected to give you dates and figures of months, or days, or years, like an accountant's clerk. I can only say such and such things happened, and the only marks by which I can even tell that they really took place, are scored on my breast and arms so plainly, that I can't think I dreamed of them. A smart cut of a hunting-knife across the breast-bone can't be scratched off with a pen-knife like a blot of ink, nor can a lunge in the ribs be effaced like a pencil mark beneath India rubber. I carry with me no schoolboy recollections—my memories are all of my manhood's prime."

"It was a fine autumnal morning, of some twenty, perhaps thirty, years ago, when I started out very early to try my hand upon some of the deer with which the forests abounded. There had been a slight fall of snow the night previous, just tinting the branches of the trees and the underbrush with

its purity, and I knew that a boy brought up in the settlements could hope to bring down half a dozen antlered bucks before sundown, if he tried. I filled my horn to its utmost capacity, pocketed two extra flints, and double my usual number of balls, and before the sun had shown his face before my door, was carefully picking my way along the bushes which skirted the rear of my hut. But I could not find any intimation of the presence of a deer, and the sun was high in the heavens before the foot-print even of a rabbit had greeted my eyes. Civilized members of humanity would have cursed and raved; I did no such thing. I changed my course to a section where at all seasons deer most abound, well knowing that success would repay the trouble of reaching so distant a spot. This favorite hunting-ground of mine was about twenty-eight miles from my hut, which might render necessary my absence from home for one night at least. But with no ties of family to draw me home, I cared nothing for its pleasures, and resolutely bent my energies to the task of annihilating space as speedily as possible. My step in those days, youngster, was as firm and elastic, as buoyant and graceful, as the fantastic curvatures of young maidenhood in the giddy mazes of the dance; while my bound was as aerial as the flight of an offending fairy before the hot pursuit of terrific Oberon; and ere the sun had half-way descended the dark clouds which would escort him to the invisible world, I had reached my destination. In an hour a splendid buck was at my feet, past the agonies of death, and the work of a few minutes more rendered me the possessor of as fine a meal of venison as ever graced the board of a king. Then I was supremely happy, and, while feasting and drinking, did the honors of the table in a manner to suit all the guests, myself included.

"Of course you know the effects of a full hearty meal—especially of venison—upon a stomach deplorably wan with abstinence from animal food; and you can imagine how cosily I sat over the remains of the feast and cogitated upon my probable prospect of reaching home that night, which at first seemed not improbable. But as the sun was fast disappearing, and I did not much relish a forced march without the blessing of sunlight, judgment taught me to stay in the forest till morning. This I did not much dread, as I saw no indications of an approaching storm; and accordingly resigned myself quietly to an evident desire for sleep, now manifest in my corporeal functions. Insensibly there stole over me

\* To those who would raise objections to the "Border Bullets" because the expressions are not idiomatic to border hunters, but are peculiar to the vernacular tongue of the settlements, I can only say, I am no Trapper, or even Frontier man. These tales were told me some years ago by an old hunter with whom I chanced to become acquainted in the West, and though in putting them on paper the spirit of his peculiarly expressive pronunciation and tenacious hold upon ancient orthography, which to me gave them their greatest zest, are totally lost, the incidents and matter are all his own.



that opiate slumber which is the precursor of a suspension of nature's faculties, and I gradually faded away into a deep sleep, as quietly as though at my own fire-side.

"How long I slept I know not, but when I opened my eyes the forest before me loomed up in all the density of total darkness, and my vision in vain tried to pierce the surrounding gloom. It seemed as though the black shades of midnight brooded over the whole scene in the intensity of darkening horror, and hemmed me in from retreat on every side. I instantly realized a peculiar sensation about my feet not belonging to the awakening from a common sleep, and at the same moment a tingling thrill of the veins of my hands warned me of some reaction in the atmosphere. Simultaneous with this discovery was my sudden uprising to a sitting posture, and as I spread my hands beside me, preparatory to rising, I found my arms imbedded to the elbows in the chill embraces of newly-fallen snow. I will not say that I was horror-struck, but the warm blood rushed through my veins in rapid pulsations, and instantly awoke me to a sense of my terrible situation. There was I, more than a score of miles from my own threshold—that dear threshold, whose humble pleasures I had never sufficiently realized when in full possession and peaceful security—and before me a sheet of the pure white of nature, whose simple folds would, perhaps ere the rising of the sun, enshrine me in a shroud, whose majestic beauty would hardly atone for the sacrifice of a cherished life, and leave me to wither or rot in the varying changes of a western winter. And then, benumbed and chilled with cold, which reigned supreme in the air around, pierced to the bone of my every limb with the terrible power of the triumphant element, I bent my knee humbly before that God who had protected me through many equally imminent perils, and invoked of him aid to my weary body, that I might safely reach some sheltered spot ere I consigned my immortal part to his care. And then rising, refreshed from my communion with his invisible spirit, I calmly betook myself to the task of unfolding the intricacies of the path, covered as it was with the evening snow.

"The blue crescent of heaven, which but a few hours before had gleamed so brilliantly above me, was now completely shut out from view, and the blinding gusts of driven snow which, at measured intervals, swept past with the accompaniment of monotonous wailing so sad and mournful in its impressions of momentary solemnity, smote the strings of my heart as something terrible and overpowering in promises of ill. Involuntarily, and without aim or purpose, I wandered on, ever and anon turning from my direct path with serpentine flexibility, and always straining eagerly for a glimpse of that heaven which I could not but fear would never again greet my eyes. And as I brushed from my cheek the delicate flakes which rested there so gently that I scarcely acknowledged their presence, I with mathematical precision computed the probable number of hours ere I should lack the strength necessary to brush off from my flesh the feathery fleece which should entomb my corse.

"And then across me gradually stole those indescribable feelings, constantly impelling the body onward to deep sleep. They seemed to encircle my heart with promises of a benign slumber, whose influences should quiet all my pains, and soothe my fears and sorrows. Tempting me through the wondrous power of nature, I could hardly resist the dalliance of the universal passion, and nearly relinquished myself to its embraces without a struggle. But then there came across me the recollections of old men and young, warriors as well as women, manhood as often as infancy, swallowed up in the vortex of inexorable death through a moment's weakness, and I nerved myself to a contest with the insidious adversary. Stern was the struggle, and I had once nearly resigned myself to fate, when a sudden suspicion of skylight met my eye, and for the time thwarted the deadly designs of the tempter. Those who have never ventured the perils of a wintry storm, without a hope of succor, can only imagine very faintly the strength of mind and tenacity of purpose requisite to a safe deliverance from the dangers of a snow-storm slumber, with nothing to pillow the head but the drifting flakes of white.

"Oh! the hours of that long night were lengthened into slow marches of eternity, and expanded into an infinity of time. Daybreak seemed retrogressing, and its accessories entirely eclipsed. But at last it came, and never beamed light more invigorating to my soul; and yet it in a measure proved painful to me, for it served to show in vivid colors the horror of my situation. The horizon seemed muffled in the pale folds of wintry weaving to such an extent that the deep blue of heaven and the yellow of the forest foliage were commingled in a formation of purest white. As far as my eye could extend, desolation reigned supreme. No welcome cabin, no friendly hut, rose in perspective to break the monotony of the landscape; but one interminable bank of driven snow, whose surface was as treacherous to the foot of man as the slight crust that springs upon the lake after an early frost, bound my straining vision.

"But I had no time for reflection. The lethargic slumber, which had threatened my system a few hours before, might return with redoubled violence, and it was absolutely necessary that I found shelter from the driving sleet which nearly pierced my vitality. I must look around for means whereby the stern winter could at least be avoided for awhile. Alas! no cave, or cavity, or crevice, offered any hope; an unbroken level of pure white occupied the whole scene. But onward I kept my course, as steadily as though upon a hunting excursion in sunlight. Tightening the belt of my hunting-shirt, and gathering its folds securely about my neck, I groped my way through the pitiless blasts of wintry air, ever trusting in the goodness of God for redemption from my trials.

"At last, as I turned the sharp angle of a clump of alders which skirted a swampy piece of ground, I thought I discerned afar off the outline of a rude hut, though so enveloped in snow as hardly to be discernible. At first I imagined that my feverish thoughts had conjured up some spectral

tenement in the wilderness, and could scarcely believe my eyes; but as I gazed more and more steadily upon it, and gradually drew a few paces nearer, I saw that I was indeed in view of a rough hut which offered me a shelter and protection. Gladly I availed myself of the opportunity, and in half an hour had reached the threshold.

"Though the sleet struck fiercely upon my unguarded face, and nearly blinded me with its violence, I surveyed the premises carefully ere I ventured to raise the wooden latch of the door. It appeared to be a common sort of hut, built of rough unhewn logs, the crevices filled with clay, which time and exposure had hardened to the consistency of stone, and precisely such a dwelling as could be found in any part of the country west of the Mississippi. My fears on that score being quieted, I carefully entered, and found myself in an apartment, some sixteen feet by twelve, lighted only through some half dozen narrow chinks between the logs, which had been unfilled with the mud. At the farthest side of the room was a rude fire-place, unoccupied by kitchen utensils of any description, while the only articles of furniture discernible were two rough blocks of wood, evidently designed for seats, and a coarse unplanned table, which fairly tottered when I placed my hand upon it. In one corner of the room there seemed a sort of recess which might be filled with pots, kettles, provisions or ammunition, but feeling disinclined to prosecute my tour of exploration any farther, at least till after a little refreshment from sleep, I cast myself leisurely down in a corner, and, pillowing my head on my hand, prepared for rest. Not a living soul was near to disturb the security of my slumber, and lulled to sleep by the shrill winds which whistled backward and forward around the corners, I was soon oblivious to all around me.

"How long I slept thus I know not: I was at last aroused from a pleasant dream (wherein I had shot some half-a-dozen fine deer, and carried their bodies home) by a confused murmur of voices, which broke upon my ear in such discordant notes as to awaken me fully to a sense of my situation. With remarkable presence of mind—and that is a quality easily learned in the backwoods, youngster—I lay perfectly quiet, and never even interrupted the irregular cadences of my breathing, so peculiar to a tired hunter. I instantly recognized two voices in close, though not very quiet conversation, and strained my ears to catch the words which should be spoken. Not a syllable of that discourse could be uttered without my knowledge, not a sentence could be formed without my cognizance thereof.

"I can't think him exactly a regulator, Dick, though what he can be doing here is rather, as you say, curious," said a voice in very distinct tones. "But don't you think it the best way to step outside and let him move off when he wakes?"

"No," answered Dick very resolutely, and with an air of determination which boded me no good; "no, I tell you. Whether he be regulator, spy, or lost hunter, he has found our place, and the secret will be no longer a secret. He must be snaggled."

"Dick Williams," said the other slowly, "though I care as little about spilling blood as you do, I don't like to cut a man's throat when he has never offered me harm. But if you think it necessary that we stop his breath, why I will lend a hand most willingly."

"I took you to be a man of sense, Tim Gray," said Dick, "and am glad to find I'm right. But hadn't we better let him sleep awhile longer, poor fellow, he's got to go a long journey;" and the ruffian laughed immoderately at his brutal humor.

"Why, yes," said Tim, "when he wakes, or before he fairly opens his eyes, drop gently upon him with one knee, point your knife right, and it will soon be over. But let's finish this tough piece of a haunch, and bring out the old Monongahela, which must be dying with old age by this time." And then was heard the low laugh and scurrilous jest as they plied their knives on the venison as an incipient demonstration of the manner in which they would cut me up.

"You can imagine that my situation was very precarious indeed. Here was I, alone, almost defenceless, and incapacitated from the use of my arms by the certainty of instant death as soon as I moved, and in a small room with two murderous assassins, who were impelled to my murder by the instinct of self-preservation, and you cannot wonder that I was undecided what to do. I knew they would watch like stealthy tigers for my uprising, and that their knives were already uplifted for the destination of my heart. Supplications would have no effect upon such fiends as they must be; and I could not bring myself to think of begging for my life of such scoundrels. To attempt a personal rencontre with them would be, I at first thought, the height of folly—the extent of madness; but as I passed over in my mind all the circumstances of my visit here, conjectured the probable calling and business of these men, brought to recollection the rumors of unlimited massacres and robberies which had been committed on the Lower Mississippi for a few years past, and then dovetailing these facts, and surmising this to be a secret retreat of these piratical marauders, concluded that I must be in the presence of some of the band. I saw that my only remaining hope lay in my broad right hand and sharp knife. With no one man, standing fairly face to face to me, and armed and accoutered to the very teeth with murderous intent, was I afraid, but would, in a cause like this, have risked my life without a murmur; but here, in the limits of this little room, with rough logs before, beside, and behind me—no friendly tree whose trunk could afford me shelter from a stray ball—I owned the chances looked somewhat against me. But I could delay no longer; action was now the word—no cool, careful reconnoitering watchfulness on my part, but instant, certain and sure intent of offensive warfare. My first movement, of course, was to ascertain how and where my antagonists were placed; my second to survey the position of their rifles, and count the chances of success in a hand to hand conflict. I carelessly, to all seeming, drew the back of my hand across my eyes, placing the fingers slightly apart, so that a quick

glance between them would give me sufficient information of the localities; and then giving vent to a continuous moan, so peculiarly applicable to a restless sleep, turned over on my other side, bringing my opponents by the movement directly in front of me. At the first intimation of my waking, I saw, through my distended fingers, each ruffian grasp his knife resolutely and with an air of determination which boded me no good, but as my arm fell listlessly to my side, and my deep breathing indicated the most perfect sense of security, their hold relaxed, and they turned again to the partially filled bottle which stood before them.

"Nerved as my mind was to encounter unmoved the most startling dangers which encompassed me on every side, I could plainly feel my pulse vibrate with a quicker motion when their watchfulness discovered my slightest motion, and the blood rushed to my face in such overwhelming profusion as rendered the dim light of evening the only safeguard. My enemies were not six feet distant, and the least twinkling of my eye, the smallest upward tendency of my body, and a knife would surely reach my heart. Many a calmer man than I, youngster, would have burst outright some of his smaller veins by the compression in their capacity.

"As the glances which had so disturbed my equanimity were removed from my vicinity, I again regained my usual composure, and then glanced with the rapidity of lightning about the room. In a corner farthest removed from my adversaries as well as myself, stood their rifles—my own lay beside me. That they were loaded I well knew, as no hunter leaves his weapon, even for a moment, useless by his side. Mine was also loaded, but as it lay some three feet from my arm, and the least movement toward it would be the signal for instant destruction, I deemed it better to let it alone. And even had I reached it, whereby should I have been benefitted? It contained but one charge, and, while shooting down one of my adversaries, could I suppose the other would stand coolly by without lifting an arm in his defence? And then, if they reached their arms before I recovered my feet, my death was plainly marked out, and my grave yawning beneath me. While laying distracted and irresolute about the means which I should adopt to preserve my life, now, alas! seemingly very near its termination, I was again aroused by a renewal of the conversation that had so abruptly terminated, and immediately recognized the voice of the one whom the other called Dick. As it appeared to relate to their business operations, I listened most attentively.

"That next load, Bill Converse said, was to be along in about six days. She's a precious cargo, and must be a better haul than the old scoundrel's we took last. But I've heard say that the owner loves a fight as well as a feast, and means to come with something that we can't conveniently take. If so, we'll want a few more of the boys. I've no idea of risking myself without there's a good field for making something."

"There'll be twelve of us besides Sam Sweet,

who's worth about eight more," answered Bill, "and if they get through us safe, they ought to go."

"But," said Tim, "they'll keep under cover through these passes. They know better than to show the white of an eye for thirty miles below here."

"Well, if you aint a fool, then I'm nobody," answered Bill contemptuously. "How'll they get over Bloody Run Bar without using setting poles, and perhaps, if they do use 'em, they'll fall overboard heads down. You don't s'pose we are going to wait for 'em to get snugly down in the cabin afore we put our sights to our eyes! But come, let's drink success with the *Daniel Boone*!"

"I shuddered with horror as I listened to the diabolical plans of these hardened wretches, displayed before me with so much coolness and effrontery. Murders were concocted, and massacres planned with all the *sang froid* of a hunting party; and, as I drank in the bloody recital of their intents, my blood no longer rushed to my face in the blushes of incipient fear, but in the boldness of righteous indignation. My hand sought my trusty hunting-knife, my nerves braced themselves to a mighty effort of strength, and I already looked upon myself almost as a frontier Redeemer, whose mission of blood would be sanctified, and spirit of murderous assault forgiven, or at least passed over, as the retributive justice which God himself so often metes out to those whose lives offend his laws. My intentions were immediately resolved to certainties—my stratagems instantly transformed to direct attacks—my fears overshadowed by a spirit of daring which courted intensity of danger; and the man who had thrown himself upon that floor a common, restless, trembling man of flesh and blood, now clenched his hands in an agony of bitterness, which told a tale of deeds to be done, whose consummation should chill the hearts of the ruffianly murderers, and tear their vitality from the warmth of their bodies.

"Suddenly I heard a shout of laughter from their lips—a flood of terrible oaths—from whose recital my heart even now shrinks. The fumes of the liquor were ascending to the brain, and I foresaw an outbreak of violence ere long, which would result in nothing less than a deperate rencontre. I knew if they once sought their rifles, I was to a certainty lost, and stretching every limb, every nerve, every muscle of my body, with one mighty effort, to the full extent, I freed my hunting-knife from its sheath, and with a bound so tremendous, so sudden, so overpowering, that the startled desperadoes involuntarily shrieked, with one accord, '*A Panther!*' I rushed upon the one nearest me, and closing my left arm around his neck, drove my good hunting-knife deep into his bosom with the terrible power of my right hand. As I drew the soiled blade from the ghastly wound in his bosom a torrent of deepest red covered my hands and face, and flowed down to my feet—a stream of guilty blood, offered at the shrine of offended innocence. The desperate man, whose life had been a continuous scene of indiscriminate warfare upon his fellow-men, sank upon the rude floor a pale and mutilated corse.

"All this was the work of a single moment.



The remaining robber, so sudden and unexpected was my descent upon them, was, for a second, paralysed and astounded. That second was my salvation. Before he could grasp my shoulder, or even draw upon me his huge knife, had cleared with one jump the table which stood between the rifles and myself, and ere he could recover from the effects of my boldness, I was beyond his reach. Still I was in no desirable situation. I dared not retreat towards the arms in the corner, because I should, by so doing, subject myself to an open attack by my inadvertence. My rifle lay very near him, and before I could even reach his, he would be in possession of it, loaded and ready for use. As we were each armed only with a hunting-knife, neither at first thought to risk his own life, in hope of taking another; and so we stood, face to face, nothing between us but the table, our eyes glowing with glances of malignant hate, which told but too plainly our feelings towards each other. We were most unpleasantly situated, and well knowing that he wished to take the first advantage which should offer, I prepared myself to do the same. Hardly for an instant did I lift my eyes from him, and when I did, it was to prepare them for a renewal of their watchfulness; and he was as shrewd and cunning as myself. There we stood, each with head slightly inclined forward, our eyes almost starting from their sockets, but braced sternly against each other, and across our countenances beaming the most intense hate, the most vivid glow of determined combativeness, the most resolute glances of unintermitted courage which promised to bear us up to the death.

"Not a word was spoken on either side, not a syllable found utterance from our lips. A deadly silence, interrupted only by the occasional crackling of the fire, or disturbed by the screeching of an owl, whose home was but a few yards from the door, broke the unnatural repose which brooded over the room. Our determinations of deadly struggle were too sacred to admit of common conversation, our lips too firmly compressed with the conflicting emotions which raged within, to admit of a trifling word. And there we stood, spell-bound, like two contending gladiators within the circle of the Coliseum, armed and ready for that strife whose conclusion is most certain death.

"Two hours or more passed, and I began to tire of this incessant watchfulness. My eyes were sore and inflamed, and the lids would hardly do their natural duty. I felt that I must ere long determine upon a different course of action—a more active and offensive warfare. A few hours more and my arm would be palsied with weariness, and my nerves unstrung with tiresome watchfulness. And yet I was as undecided as ever how to proceed to extremities. My adversary held in his hand a terrible and shining knife, whose blade, keen-edged and bright, warned me that victory, if gained, would be dearly bought. He was a short, heavily-built man, with rough, hard features, and a most forbidding look, while his stalwart frame, his immense breadth of chest, and enormous size of limb, foretold me that my powers, which in those days were not slight, would be taxed to the utmost. My plan was soon

determined upon, and was probably the only one which any other man similarly circumstanced would have avoided. It has, since that time, been called a wild deed of daring, which deserved from its impracticability a different reward from that which greeted me. But it was an attempt of impulse, an inspiration of recklessness, which sometimes blesses man in his direst extremity, and to me it proved the happiest emanation of that inherent courage of which I cannot but feel a true man is always possessor.

"As I said before, we stood face to face, perhaps six feet apart, with a rough pine table only between our bodies, while each held in his right hand his trusty knife, which, like the bayonet, never fails of reaching its mark. It was impossible for either to make the slightest movement without being discerned by the wary eye of the other, and the least failure of my plan would entail upon me instant death. But the crisis was now approaching, and though my penalty for forfeiture of carefulness was the loss of life and its pleasures, my pulse beat as steadily, my heart's vibration rolled as harmoniously and regularly as though mere manly sport engaged my attention.

"With a quick movement, which, however, was observed by my opponent, I changed my knife from my right to my left hand, and almost simultaneous with the act, raised the former to my head, as though to relieve its fatigue by a change of position. I was confident he would suspect no trickery, observe no demonstration of offence from a hand which was utterly weaponless. It proved as I anticipated: he put himself upon guard no more than before, interposed no act of defence which could cause me to change my plan of attack, and, as I carelessly ran my hand across my forehead, I snatched from my head the old fur hunting-cap which had crowned it for years, dropped my knife directly upon the floor, and concentrating into the action all the strength, all the dexterity, all the power of which I was capable, hurled it directly in his face. As I had anticipated, it struck him with terrible force directly across the eyes. I will not say that I went with the flying missile, but before it had unveiled his eyes, I was by his side with my hand clenched upon his throat. I had no weapons but the grip of my fingers, but wished them not. As he half-blindly struck at my breast with his knife, my left hand thrown up quickly cast it across the room, and the struggle for death was with muscle alone. With an imprecation, which showed the agony of his rage, he grappled me, and in an instant lifted me from my feet as though I were but a child in his embrace. But he could do no more. As supple as a snake, and flexible as the hickory sapling, I found my feet upon the floor, and though I moved him not an inch, I felt that the quarrel was now my own. Again and again he lifted me with gigantic struggles for the ascendancy, again and again my feet touched the rough logs in perfect security. Huge drops of sweat rolled down his face, and he gnashed his teeth with all the bitterness of thwarted malice as I coolly threw my arm around him, as carelessly as though in the manly sport of friendly rivals. He cursed, he stamped, he groaned with infuriated

passion, but I coolly looked on in silence, and awaited my turn with patience. At last it came. As he, for the twentieth time, dropped my feet upon the floor, I felt that his hold was somewhat relaxed, and his efforts less tremendous than before. Quickly drawing my hands from his body, I, with the agility of the panther, crossed them around his neck, and placing my thumbs directly under the chin, pressed upon his throat with all the strength of which I was capable. In vain he struggled, in vain he swayed his body to and fro, distorting his face with all the contortions of waning life; my hold never relaxed, my fingers never tired in their mission, but seemed to grow each instant more firmly to his flesh, imbedding themselves among the pliant veins and bones of the neck, deeper and deeper with his every struggle. It was painful to hear his groans, his gasps for breath; and the livid purple, which insensibly usurped the paleness of his usual color, told plainly of the tenacity of my grasp. Soon his breathing became more and more imbued with the violence of gasps, and his chest heaved convulsively against my own; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and glared upon me like those of some ferocious beast in the depths of the forest; his head slightly inclined to one side, and then violently swayed to the other; his hands unclasped themselves from my waist, and dropped

quivering to his side; and with a groan, wherein was blended more of the horrible to the ear than I had ever listened to before, he fell upon my breast—a dead man. I did not cast him off violently, but laid him by his comrade as gently as though consigning to the earth an innocent babe, and then threw myself upon my knees and thanked God for my deliverance from manifold dangers.

"It is enough to say that I did not leave the bodies upon the floor. In the morning I laid them in a natural hollow near the hut, and covering them as much as possible with the loose earth and dead leaves of the forest, left their bodies in their final home. Two hours after I was on my way to my own cabin.

"And now, youngster," said the old man, rising, "can you not say that I had some excuse for my fears that night? Though not naturally a coward, I had a right to feel unpleasantly in that hut."

"That you had," answered I, readily. "Tomorrow night I hope to hear of some farther adventure of yours."

"That you shall, my boy, that you shall," said the old man, as he prepared to fill the pipe, which had meanwhile gone out.

His next narrative will occupy the pages of the Magazine another month.

## A VISION.

BY W. A. B. McCUISTION.

Not long since, upon the wings of imagination, I smoothly flew up the stream of rolling ages toward the source of all being. While travelling on in sublime contemplation, I arrived at the felicitous period when Time and Angels, and all created things were in the freshness and loveliness of youth and purity. Verdure and bloom clothed the face of the material universe. Harmony and happiness everywhere prevailed. There was not a discordant note nor a jarring string in the boundless empire of Jehovah. Worlds upon worlds, moving onward upon unseen wheels, were constrained to sing in Reason's ear—

"The hand that made us is Divine."

Bright, intellectual stars, with an entrancing euphony of voice, chanted their lofty anthems of praise. Supreme Light upon a pure Throne, swan-like, with white wings wide-expanded, sat brooding; and from thence shot its beams to the circumference of creation. A limpid river, flowing softly as the waters of Shiloh, played beautifully around the Throne.

Anxiously desiring to pry still farther into the mysterious arcana of this home of the sublime and the magnificent, I scaled several winding flights of

cerulean stairs, and finally perched upon the apex of a towering beacon that proudly overlooked the "vasty deep." There, for a long while I stood, lost in profound meditations, gazing directly below on the wondrous things oscillating in the mighty abyss of wisdom that fancy called up at the waving of her mystic wand. There I saw that peculiar kind of Elixir which confers immortality on man. But soon I saw one high angel, followed by many others, manifest a spirit of insubordination to Jehovah. Apparently unsatisfied, they wandered like elves over Elysian scenes in quest of some exalting panacea. But ere long the sentence of expulsion from the sacred precincts of heaven was issued against them. I saw them, when cast from the Throne, stand a moment upon its threshold, while beams of glory tremblingly lay upon them; and then fall headlong into Pandemonium. I saw Satan, as lightning falls from heaven, burning in his flight. Peace and tranquility again reigned in the upper Sanctuary. After the Throne had assumed its usual splendor, Uriel, who had been absent, was seen on speedy wing returning. Soon he arrived, folded his shining pinions amid wondering throngs, and announced the sad tidings of man's defection in

Eden. Immediately Heaven's hallelujahs were hushed into profound silence. The silvery canvas that environed the "sapphire Throne," was folded up, and dark drapery hung around it. The towering beacon I stood upon threw its lengthening and gloomy shade far back on the blissful plains of glory. All things betokened that the angels were deeply sympathizing with man. Now a dubious, flickering twilight spread over heaven. But soon wave after wave of golden light effluent from the Throne presaged a great work. Then the Almighty declared a council of all the celestial citizens would be convened in order to devise means for man's restoration to pristine purity in accordance with eternal justice. When the time arrived there was a celestial assemblage of heavenly intelligences. The great God, attired in golden robes, sat majestically upon a throne high above all others. On his left hand sat the Spirit, clothed with resplendent garments and crowned with glory. On his right sat the Son, richly arrayed, while a splendid wreath, or "wondrous bow of three celestial dyes," encircled his head. The ethereal Principalities and Powers stood in magnificent apparel before the throne.

God then inquired of them whether they could originate a consistent scheme for man's redemption. But lo! they all labored in their minds, and thought deeply and intensely; yet spake not. Their richest plumage prostrate fell, and every feather thrillingly lay upon streams of liquid light. They cast their crowns before the Throne in humble acknowledgment of their incapacity to grasp the mysterious, the mighty subject.

The most ancient seraph, wrapped in profound research, was constrained to desist from farther investigations for want of nobler and deeper powers of mind. On this august theme the tallest archangel, in his most daring flight, being unable to soar aloft to the awful vertex of the high argument, dropped the exhausted wing of his imagination, while a flood of glory fell upon it. The wisest cherub, lost in assiduous contemplations and far-reaching thought, was compelled to own that he *could not fathom* the amazing plan. Gabriel, in order that he might have all possible facilities for the investigation, arose, and hovering directly over the Throne, looked straight below upon the uncreated glories of the Eternal Mind. As he anxiously gazed, he was balanced upon steady plumage. But finally he gathered up his spread pinions, and returned to his former station, being confessedly unable to comprehend the mighty idea of man's redemption. All created intelligences labored arduously, thought profoundly, and argued logically; but could form no consistent plan for the sinner's restoration to happiness. The redemptive scheme, whose glorious author is God, whose laudable object is the elevation and undying

felicity of our race, whose width is immensity, whose length is eternity, and whose theatre of exhibition is our lower world, no finite intellect could have devised.

He, then, who sits enthroned over the universe, manifested a disposition to pardon man, providing a sufficiently meritorious substitute could be found vicariously to suffer the penalty of the broken law in his stead. But for this high purpose the angels were conscious of their insufficiency. Unavailing indeed would be the death of their brightest star. No burning seraph nor knowing cherub presented himself for this holy object. For a short time all heaven was in inquiring suspense. The chief angels, who support Jehovah's awful throne, glanced anxiously each at the other. Then the Son, like a pyramid of glory, refulgent with supernal light, left the Throne and cast his glittering crown at the Father's feet. All eyes on him were intensely fixed as he bowed his head and disturbed the deep reigning silence by exclaiming, "Here am I; send me. Lo! I come to do thy will, O God." The Father consented that in the fulness of time Jesus should descend to earth, and suffer, and die, and rise again for men. The Spirit agreed to appropriate to man the avails of his sacrifice. Thus the Triune God originated the Plan of Salvation.

Then instantly, as an electric flash, the lurid curtains fell from around the Throne, and a flood of glory bursting out blazed over heaven. Immediately, from every star the ecstatic shout rolled, pealing from rank to rank, and reverberating from throng to throng, and booming from throne to throne, "O the depth of the wisdom, of the riches and of the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his ways, and how incomprehensible are his judgments!" And now a grander scene displayed itself than ever before was witnessed. A splendid crystalline firmament spread over the Throne. Fiery flames, unfolding themselves with celestial brightness, moved gracefully along its under side. Before the Throne was a transparent sea of glass, as by night, in a reluctant stream of water, is seen a glorious reflection of the starry skies; so in this translucent mirror you may behold every object of magnificence in the upper world. Seven lamps of fire were burning in front of the Throne. They are the seven Spirits of God. Behind these luminaries, and where they threw their purest beams upon it, I saw a Lamb having seven horns and seven eyes. I heard ten thousand times ten thousand angels crying, "Worthy is the Lamb." The Empyrean throngs shouted, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive honor and power and glory and dominion forever." The pealing anthem echoed from Kingdom to Principality until all Heaven became vocal with the sublime song.



# LIVING PICTURES OF AMERICAN NOTABILITIES, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

NO. VIII.

SKETCHED BY MOTLEY MANNERS, ESQ.

J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

PATRIOTISM is an excellent thing; and so is honey. "My son, eat thou honey, because it is good," says the wise proverbialist; but he does not enjoin upon the sweet-toothed young man to eat honey, and nothing but honey, and honey all the time. Far from it. He expressly forbids him to clog his stomach, and bring on a surfeit.

Patriotism is beautiful and sublime on the battle-fields of freedom—on the borders of fatherland, where a mighty wall of true hearts ramparts our hearths and altars against the advance of hostile invaders. It is lovely and poetic when the wanderer in foreign climes, returned to his native land, falls prostrate as he revokes the shore, and in devout affection kisses his native soil. And it is magnanimous when the expatriated citizen, wronged and persecuted by those who wield his country's destinies, still looks with tearful eyes back to the skies which cover his birth-place, and prays God that his grave may be with his fathers.

But, nevertheless, let us eat sparingly of honey, although "it is good." In all the occasions of patriotism adverted to above, we do not fear that the divine *amor patræ* will run into extremes, since the acme of such devotion springs clear of all technical selfishness, and sits enthroned half deified even upon earth. But with that ludicrous manifestation of bastard patriotism, which is noticeable in aggressive wars for national glory, or in fighting duels for national honor, we have little sympathy. The honey begins to get flat, and palls on our taste. In such exhibitions of love of country we behold what forcibly reminds us of the exploits of patriotic Quixotes in olden time, who ran their iron-covered heads into all sorts of peril for the sake of the peculiar quarterings which they bore upon their shields; or of those no less patriotic six-bottle-men, who demonstrated the superiority of their native places, by the facility with which they could drink their adversaries dead drunk under the table.

We are essentially a nation of hero-worshippers, and our present condition demands the serious attention of Thomas Carlyle. We, in our free and independent capacity as lords and masters of ourselves, hold ourselves in readiness, at any moment, to fall down and worship almost any brazen image which some democratic Nebuchadnezzar the king may set up; and as a general thing, too, the unfortunate heterodox skeptics in regard to the present divinity of the idol, are sure to be cast into the seven times heated furnace of popular opinion. And God help them if they find no internal angels to comfort them!

We may look back through our brief existence as a republic, and we cannot but see the force and justice of the above scriptural comparison. At

stated periods, we have had our great national *powows*, in which we celebrated the virtues and exploits of some big medicine-man or warrior, with all the noise and clamor we could conveniently create; and then, having duly enrolled him in our great republican calendar of saints, left him "alone in his glory," and cast about us for some new object of adulation.

But at least we are free from the charge of indiscriminate man-worship. We have clung, as a general thing, tooth and nail, to military chieftains and political orators. They have been the staple of our demand and supply for the laudable objects of apotheosis; and seldom or never have we thought it worth our while to give the robe of honor or the civic wreath to mere unostentatious intellect. The soldier and the statesman, puppet and wire-puller, have been the almost exclusive cynosures of our adoring eyes, and, on one account, perhaps, our late Mexican war is not to be regretted, since it has served to augment our stock of "heroes" for the next ten years' use, perhaps twenty. Our old supply was just thread-bare.

The camp and the forum, then, being the hot-bed of democratic greatness, it follows that the "author," or "minister," or "schoolmaster," *per se*, stood very little chance for American celebrity. Their results were too tame, their labors too wide and symmetric, ever to strike the popular eye like the abrupt achievements of our customary demi-gods. We could comprehend a battle quicker than we could a book, and find much more argument in a siege than in a sermon. And we would rather make a political conscience-keeper and mouth-piece out of a Fourth of July demagogue, than sink to the necessity of thinking for ourselves and arriving at our own conclusions;—a task always painful to those who have been accustomed to reflect by proxy.

However, in the process of making holiday demi-gods, we have, thank fortune, managed to endow many with promethean fire, and, much to our own astonishment afterwards, found that our handiwork remained divine. We have now, in truth, with all our spurious and filagree idols, some god-like and eternal souls from whose resplendent foreheads beams the glory of him of old who talked with Jehovah in the burning bush. So we can forgive a great deal of our chronic American man-worship.

Among those who, in spite of the regular routine of military and political heroes, unaccountably became "famous," was an author—a novelist—James Fennimore Cooper,—born in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century, (we think in 1789,) and consequently now sixty years of age. He was of a good stock, that is to say an Ameri-

can stock, his family dating back, as residents of this county, nearly to the sixteenth century. His father was Judge Cooper, of Cooperstown, in the State of New York, at which place the novelist now resides upon a fine estate. At the early age of ten, we find the youth pursuing the study of the classics under the tutorage of the Rev. N. Ellison, of Albany, and at thirteen he entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1805. At this time, probably, our author, though a "promising" young man, and with a mind pretty well stored with the stuff of books, gave little evidence of the natural bent of his genius. We find him, in fact, immediately after leaving Yale, entering as a midshipman in the navy. He continued in the service some half dozen years, but as he entered about the close of the Tripolitan and left near the commencement of the war of 1812, he had probably little opportunity of distinguishing himself belligerently.

In 1811 he married. His wife, a Miss De Lancey, was a sister of the present venerable bishop of the western diocese of New York; and in company with her, we believe, he soon after made the tour of Europe, whence he returned to pursue the career of an author of leisure, not necessity.

Fennimore Cooper has written some good books. His first published volumes were exceedingly original and well-conceived; and had one of those early achievements been the criterion of the author's calibre, and unfollowed by others, he would have stood, like "single-speech Hamilton," an acknowledged man of genius.

This is no faint praise, nor is it too panegyristic. There is, in any one of the earlier Leatherstocking novels, enough of the ingredients of the genuine standard of fiction, to stamp the writer as one of the first rank of romance-writers. There is a continuity of character in all the personages who figure in the story, a bold dash of description, and an interesting method even of detail, that make the whole book a well-executed picture.

And even the purblind critics saw and acknowledged this; and, when once those worthies had spoken their fiat, the demi-semi-manufacturers of popularity applauded to the echo. Natty Bumpo became a fixed fact.

A furor—a literary furor—was at this period just the thing necessary. Novelty was acceptable, and what so novel as a successful American author? It is no wonder, then, that every merit of young Cooper was extolled, and his faults slurred over hastily. The romances grew fashionable, and, in the words of a quaint writer, "*leatherstockings* became absolutely necessary to give a novel a respectable footing." Cooper was truly a "Pioneer" in American literature, inasmuch as he went ahead of even himself.

We, who look back and coolly reflect, express many very different opinions from those current at that day. We, bolder if not wiser than our fathers, dare to level our lorgnettes at the "Magician of the North,"—dare to laugh at the moody folly of Childe Harold—and pull the wig off of the great Sam Johnson himself. And, naturally finding our American novelist a good subject, we draw our critical scalpel as remorselessly through Natty Bumpo's nerves and tendons, as ever that

interesting individual wielded his scalping knife or tomahawk.

Leatherstocking is in reality caoutchouc. His ductility, his capability of indefinite extension is really wonderful. He annihilates the unities, and defies the trammels of the grave. He wraps a soldier's frieze coat about him with the same dignity with which he wears wampum and a blanket. He hands, reefs, and steers as naturally as he traps and trades. Natty Bumpo is ubiquitous—he is Protean—he is the Puck who puts a girdle around the world of Cooper's literary self.

Is Fennimore Cooper a *great* novelist? In our humble opinion he is not, though in his first books he deservedly won great popularity. But to be a novelist, par excellence, requires in reality more imagination, more softness of imagery, and at the same time more striking views of humanity itself, than Cooper has evidenced the possession of. To be a high writer of fiction requires more heart than head, and yet sufficient of the latter to keep the former from running to sentimental seed. Poetry is a natural component of a good novel, and of this quality we think Cooper's share is small. It is, of all things, the easiest in literature to work by *fancy*. Fancy pleases, and sometimes obtains popularity. Fancy portrays Arcadias and Utopias, and paints unreal heroes, and decks all it touches with euphenistic tinsel. But it never can attain enduring fame.

The "*Arabian Nights Entertainments*," "*Robinson Crusoe*," and "*Pilgrim's Progress*," though generally classed among works of fancy, are in reality not exclusively of that nature. They soar far above it. They often tread the loftiest realms of the poetic imagination, and at the same time take hold of the very depths of human affections. In the delightful tales of the first-mentioned work the heart is continually interested, because the natural feelings are awakened to sympathy by every trial and triumph of the hero. In "*Robinson Crusoe*," the strongest appeals are constantly made to the heart, if only by the simple fact of the desolate situation of a fellow-being, isolated from all his kind. And, lastly, in "*Pilgrim's Progress*," all the strange desires and mysterious promptings of the human soul are challenged to sympathize with the wandering Christian. Hence, then, these works are popular—because they *feed the heart*.

Shakspeare, "fancy's child," as he has been called, would not be the Shakspeare of our love, if fancy alone were his merit. His power lies in *revelation*—the revelation of what is in his readers' hearts by the same stroke of his magic wand that reveals the hearts of others—his heroes and heroines. He does not create—he discovers! He causes to be recognized what has been hidden away in the bosoms of those who knew not they possessed it. He presents no obstructions in his pages, but with the magic garment of language clothes a naked thought. His readers behold that thought, and recognize it as kin to the naked idea which they have within their own breasts. And they feel and know that Shakspeare has but clothed and beautified truth itself.

Now Fennimore Cooper has seldom identified his characters with aught within the natural com-

pass of our love. He has pictured beautiful, devoted woman, and brave, generous man, and surrounded both with an atmosphere, in some cases, of charming originality; but beyond this we recognize no affinity with the affections. There is a coldness about his virtue, a sentimentality in his love, and much of calculation the characters of his heroes. This, as a general thing, we notice; though it must be owned that in some instances, where fancy is entirely lost sight of,—as for instance Tom Coffin's death, in the "Pilot,"—the human heart conquers us into admiration; though even there, we smile at the uselessness of the catastrophe.

To sum up Cooper's literary character, we may call him a gentleman-novelist. He is a book-artist of elegant leisure, and has produced much that our country may be proud of. But as a romance-writer of genius, he occupies a station below Bulwer, Douglas Jerrold, and Eugene Sue, and yet superior in many points to Walter Scott or James.

We commenced this article, as the reader knows, by a few remarks on patriotism in the abstract, and in connection with *honey*; and it was not more for the purpose of dealing a few rattan-strokes upon the broad shoulders of our national foible, "hero-worship," than to exhibit the *humbug* of patriotism in connection with Mr. Cooper. To apply the term "patriotic" to the feeling which prompted our balls and suppers to Boz Dickens, Esq., would be amusing, to say the least; but, in our modest way of thinking, not a jot more so, than the display of national feeling which once made our novelist *popular*. If any one of our literary men deserves the *American* cold shoulder,

it is James Fennimore Cooper; and yet we may not arraign him for his peculiar ideas in regard to his native country, because he has *travelled*, and is, of course, *able* to judge. We only mean to remark further, that in weighing our author's literary merits, it would be as well that we lose sight entirely of the fact of his being a countryman, and, letting patriotism keep aside, consider him as standing upon his own *novel* bottom, "ashore and afloat."

Of late years Mr. Cooper has been unhappily embroiled on several occasions with the Press, in the matter of *libel*. Libel itself and the law of libel are equally to be deprecated, and it is, in our opinion, quite as foolish to prosecute civilly for defamation of character as it is to fight a duel.—If it be as criminal to maltreat the character as the body, and to steal the good name as the purse, then let us have a law that will punish the offender, criminally, as for assault or theft. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the case, in regard to Mr. Cooper's libel difficulties, it is unquestionably admitted that as a man, our author is highly esteemed. He is full of the amenities of the polished gentleman, and at the same time possesses amiability of disposition in a high degree.

Fennimore Cooper enjoys a high transatlantic reputation, probably not exceeded even by that of Irving. His books have been widely translated and favorably criticised throughout the civilized world, and at one time he was confessedly at the head of American prose writers of fiction.

He is now, we believe, permanently settled on his estate in Cooperstown, New York.

## NANNUNTENEO;

### OR, THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE."

#### A TALE OF THE EARLY COLONISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIT CARSON," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XV.

As the reader is probably getting to be somewhat concerned for the fate of Walter Shirley, whose sudden disappearance from the settlement had occasioned so much wonder and alarm, it is but fair that we leave for awhile Sir Arthur Effingham and his accumulating plots for the entrapment of Mr. Gilbert and his daughter, to follow the adventures of one whose fate excites in us a keener interest.

Worn down by the rigors of his confinement, and almost crazed at the thought of the suspicions which had been cast upon him, the young soldier, Shirley, had resolved not to survive the deep humiliation which he had been forced to undergo.—With the desperate resolve, therefore, of putting

his plan of self-destruction to the practice, he had let himself out of the room which had been prepared for him at Mr. Gilbert's house, through a window overlooking the garden, and leaping the palisades at a spot where they were carelessly guarded, had rapidly made his way in the direction of the forest. Distracted by conflicting thoughts, his mind had become, as it were, partially deranged, and the one idea which filled it, to the exclusion of all others, was the thought of his disgrace.

In the meantime, poor Nannunteneo was in a predicament hardly less deserving of envy than that of Walter Shirley; for, ever since his flight from Plymouth, the unhappy lad had been sorely tortured by his conscience, which continually reproached him with having returned with ingrati-



tude of the most glaring nature the kindness which she had on so many different occasions manifested towards him. He frequently took solitary rambles in the forest, brooding over the untoward aspect of his affairs, and half inclined to return of his own accord to the settlement at Plymouth, and surrender himself once more a prisoner, for the sake of Effie—towards whom he felt drawn by an emotion as strong as it was unaccountable. Often in the course of these secret rambles his movements were followed by the jealous eye of the poor forest maiden, Yanike, who yet hoped to win him back to a recollection of the love that he once professed to encourage for her. As for Ontwa, she had rejected indignantly his cold advances, and openly defied him. Foiled in this quarter, Ontwa resolved, as a last resource, to sate his revenge by the destruction of his rival, Nannunteneo.

An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Nannunteneo had absented himself, one morning, as usual, from his lodge, and, evading the lynx's eyes of his old foster mother, had shaped his course towards a neighboring hill, which overlooked, at a great distance, the settlement of Plymouth. Here, upon a towering crag the young savage would remain seated for hours, his hands resting upon his brow, gazing intently in the direction of the settlement, and endeavoring to form some plan for an interview with Effie.

Ontwa, with wary eyes, observed his actions, and followed hard upon him, until he had seen his rival seat himself upon the rock; when, drawing an arrow from his quiver, he placed it in his bow, and raising the weapon to his eye with fatal aim, was on the point of launching it at the unconscious object of his hatred, when a shrill scream resounded through the dense thicket in which he was concealed, and almost at the same instant he fell, transfixing through the back by a knife in the hand of the watchful Yanike. Nannunteneo, having his attention aroused for the first time by the outcry, flew towards the spot, and discovered Yanike leaning, overcome by her excited feelings, against an adjacent tree, while at her feet lay Ontwa, panting, bleeding, in the last agonies of death. He partly raised himself, as his rival approached, gazed on him with a look of hatred and defiance, and fell, stone-dead, at Nannunteneo's feet.

"Thanks to the Great Spirit, that nerved my woman's arm to this, thou'rt safe!" cried the Indian girl, submitting to the embrace which Nannunteneo had cast about her. "He would have slain my warrior, but one as wary as himself had watched each motion, and ere he could draw an arrow to its head, this knife had drunk his blood!"

"Brave Yanike!" replied the young savage, and all his old affection sparkled in the glance which he cast upon his deliverer.

"Brave only in such a cause, as who would not be!" she replied. "Oh! Nannunteneo! hast thou forgotten our former vows—thy protestations? Shall we no longer be to one another the same that we have been? For months thou hast neglected me—thy thoughts wander even now to one of alien blood and hue, while I have never

for a moment ceased to love where first my heart was given. Shall this be always so?"

"Yanike," replied Nannunteneo, sadly, "thou dost me wrong; I have never proved a recreant to my vows; I have never forgotten the love that warmed my heart of old; the passion has slept, but a breath of thine has scattered the ashes which obscured it, and it breaks out afresh at sight of thee!"

"I knew thou wast not lost to me!—but ah! the pale-faced girl—why thinkest thou of her? Yanike can bear no rival; she is above disguise herself, and asks but that her lover should be the same."

"I will tell thee, Yanike, what it is that troubles thus my mind. In the attack upon Plymouth, thou knowest many of our bravest fell; covered with wounds, I was left for dead upon the spot, but being discovered by the enemy, was reserved by them for heavier tortures. Such would have been my fate, had it not been for this pale-faced girl, who interposed alone, and saved my life when I despaired of living. This was a noble act, and thou shalt hear how nobly I repaid it. Walking one day by the water's side with her—fear not! her lover was her guardian there!—a skiff, moored at the landing, met my eye. The impulse was too strong to be resisted—without a word I fled towards the boat, and hither made my way. But my mind has been sore perplexed for my ingratitude, and I have resolved to return and ask forgiveness for my fault. She will acknowledge that I have atoned the error, some presents will be interchanged (for thou knowest we are at peace), and I will then return to claim my Yanike!"

"I may not bid thee stay! Go; and Yanike will offer to the Great Spirit an unceasing prayer for the safety of her betrothed."

Nannunteneo pressed the girl in his arms, enjoining upon her a promise of secrecy, and at the base of the rock which had witnessed their interview they parted.

## CHAPTER XVI.

For two days Walter Shirley wandered at random, lost in the devious windings of an almost impenetrable forest. His uncovered head, exposed at all times to the scorching rays of the sun, had become the seat of a temporary delirium, and his body, torn and wounded by the brambles, and exhausted by continued exertion, was rapidly sinking under its privations. Nature could not long sustain such usages; his strength at last gave out, and, falling beneath the accumulation of his sufferings, he would have perished in the wilderness, had it not been for Nannunteneo, who, luckily, at this juncture stepped upon the scene, on his way towards Plymouth.

Seeing a fellow-being in distress, the youth's sympathies were aroused, and when he saw that the person which he had thus opportunely come to relieve was Effie's lover, he felt doubly thankful that he had been selected as the instrument of his recovery. Hastily selecting such simples

as Indians are wont to apply in such cases, he immediately set about the task of doctoring his patient, and so on had the satisfaction of seeing the latter arousing from the stupor into which he had fallen. Having farther attended to his comfort, Nannunteneo next constructed a temporary hut, and arranged within it a bed of leaves and rushes, on which he laid the sufferer, whose looks spoke his appreciation of the Indian's kindness. The last proceeding of Nannunteneo was to kindle a fire and prepare a hasty supper, the materials for which he carried in his pouch; and Shirley, having partaken moderately of the repast set before him by his preserver, began rapidly to recover—so that, after a night's refreshing sleep, he was able to sustain a conversation with Nannunteneo.

What transpired during the dialogue which passed between them on that momentous occasion, it is unnecessary here to mention, but before the sun had that day half described his allotted course, Walter Shirley was on his way back to Plymouth, with Nannunteneo for his companion.

It was night, and good Mistress Partridge was comforting her inner self with a flagon of beer, and a small bit of venison pastry, on which sumptuous fare she had been in the habit of regaling her staunch friend and confidant, honest Jack Wotherspoon, when the latticed window of the kitchen was gently shaken. At first Mistress Partridge gave the circumstance no attention, imagining it to have been occasioned by the wind; but a subdued tapping upon the lintel caused her to run with great alacrity to the door; and no sooner had she opened it, than Walter Shirley, followed by Nannunteneo, made his appearance.

"Hist! Mistress Partridge!" he exclaimed, seeing her about to cry aloud with terror at what she supposed to be his 'wraith'; "it is I, Walter Shirley, indeed, and no air-drawn figure that you see at so unwonted an hour."

"Well-a-day! this is a surprise indeed!" exclaimed the housekeeper, when she had become convinced of Master Shirley's identity. "But why keep away from your friends, when all are longing to see you. There's Miss Effie, poor little soul, is dying by inches, and, as if your disappearance wasn't enough, that fellow Effingham would torture her to death with his attentions."

"Ah! Effingham?"

"Oh! yes, indeed! but I forget—you do not know all that has happened of late. A pretty to-do we've had; but at last all differences have been settled, and the nuptials are to take place, it is said, to-morrow."

"The nuptials! What nuptials?"

"Why, those of Sir Arthur Effingham and Mistress Effie, for sure!"

Shirley was for some moments so astonished at this intelligence as to be unable to reply. He then asked for a circumstantial account of everything that had happened, which Mistress Partridge was but too glad to give him. When she had concluded, he requested that she would contrive to keep his return, for the present, a secret, and give him concealment in one of the outhouses attached to the premises. This she readily agreed to do, notwithstanding her evident distrust of Nannunteneo, and nothing was said to any one

about the arrival of Walter Shirley and his dusky coadjutor.

As the day approached on which it had been arranged that Effie was to undergo the dreadful sacrifice, which, by uniting her to a man whom she detested, was to save her father's life, the poor girl seemed likely to sink under the accumulation of her miseries. Yet she calmly prepared to meet her fate, and viewed the preparations for the hated nuptials without any outward manifestation of her wretchedness, save that her cheek was paler than its wont, and she had grown more thin. As for Effingham, he had triumphed, gloriously triumphed, and her name was even made the subject of merriment at his convivial meetings with his dissolute companions. The settlers looked quietly upon the proceedings of the parties concerned, and pitied the innocent victim of Effingham's wiles, but no one evinced an inclination to beard the lion in his den, by calling the dissipated nobleman to account for the manner in which he had misconducted the affairs of the colony since his arrival among them. Such a complaint would have ensured his speedy banishment, but no one seemed possessed of sufficient courage to make it.

The dreaded morning arrived, and crowds lined the route through which the marriage train was to pass on its way to the chapel. Erect, and pale as marble, Effie Gilbert, with her father and friend, the bridegroom, and those of his companions whom he had invited to be present at the ceremony, issued forth from the humble dwelling of the magistrate. But no shouts saluted the little cortege as it passed; there was no flourish of trumpets, no singing of bridal songs, or clapping of hands. The conduct of the bystanders was rather that of mourners at a funeral. In a few minutes the nuptial procession reached the chapel.

The clergyman, with his stern, unsmiling countenance, gazed scanningly into the eyes of the bride as she approached the altar, and saw that she was to be wed against her will. Nevertheless he had only to perform his duty, and therefore he proceeded calmly with the ceremony, until he came to the sentence about the forbidding the banns, which he pronounced with startling distinctness. A voice, which was not by any means new to most of those assembled in the holy place, answered in tones equally thrilling, from the opposite end of the church, "I do forbid these banns! the ceremony must not proceed!" And a person, thickly muffled in a cloak, approached the altar.

"This is madness!" exclaimed Effingham, stamping his foot with rage; "let the ceremony proceed."

"Nay, sir," replied the clergyman, "this must not be; the law awards the right to challenge any nuptials, and these shall not go on without some explanation. What are your grounds for forbidding these banns?" he asked, turning to the intruder.

"The fact that Sir Arthur Effingham has been for some time past engaged in a treasonable plot to wrest the government of the colony from the queen's hands, and place it in his own. Nor is this all! The promise of marriage was extorted from the bride by threats of violence against the

father, and the ceremony would therefore be illegal, even if performed."

"This is a plot—a trick! By Heaven! I will not be thus cheated!" shouted Effingham, stamping, and frothing at the mouth; and as he spoke, he drew his sword, and made a pass at the stranger, but was prevented by the bystanders, and disarmed.

"Is it thus, sir, that you would proclaim the justice of your cause, by the desecration of God's holy temple?" asked the minister with a frown of rebuke. "Proceed, sir," he added, turning to the stranger; "of course you have proofs to sustain your assertions."

"The best. Ho, there! come forth!" he exclaimed; and the assemblage were astonished at seeing Mistress Partridge, advancing from among the Gilbert party, take her station before the altar. She then, being called upon for her evidence, narrated all that had passed between herself and Jack Wotherspoon, of whose conversations with herself she had made occasional notes, for the purpose of drawing out of him the progress of his master's plot against the Gilberts. Thereupon, Jack Wotherspoon was arrested upon the spot, very much against his will, and the minister declared the proceedings in the church at an end. The whole assemblage then betook its way to the town hall, or court house, where an examination was immediately instituted by the magistrate next in succession to Mr. Gilbert. In vain Effingham protested against this summary treatment of himself and servant; justice, it was evident, was to be done, and the first blow having been struck, the people were evidently just in that mood when they were determined to insist upon their will as the true law.

Wotherspoon's examination was long and tedious; at first he professed to be in an awful passion, accused Mistress Partridge of being concerned in a conspiracy against him, because he had (as he said) refused to wed her. Finding, however, that his judges were in earnest, and hearing threats of beheading, he concluded that

honesty was, after all, the best policy, and, making a virtue of necessity, he confessed everything relating both to his master's treason, and the falsity of his charge against Mr. Gilbert in relation to the murder of De Darly—that personage having, to his knowledge, survived his quarrel with Gilbert many years, and died at last, an old, gray-headed man.

Foiled at every point, Effingham was about leaving the room, with curses on his lips, and vengeance flashing from his eyes; but, at the order of the justice, he was placed under arrest until such time as he could be sent back to England, to be tried for the crime in which he had been implicated, with his accomplices.

"But who is the accuser—who is it that has effected this miracle?" asked an hundred voices.

The cloak dropped from the shoulders of the stranger at the inquiry, and Walter Shirley clasped the sobbing, but delighted Effie in his arms.

But there was yet another surprise in store for all. During the progress of this trying scene, Nannunteneo, enveloped likewise in a cloak, had stood, gazing with heaving breast and tearful eyes upon the little group before him. When all had been explained, he suddenly allowed his cloak to drop from his shoulders, and rushing forward, he knelt at the feet of Effie and her father, and grasping a hand of both, covered them with his tears and fervent kisses.

"My father! My sister!" were all that he could articulate.

Years passed away; Effie had become the bride of Walter Shirley, and a fresh household had sprung up around them. And at length Shirley grew to be old himself, and the settlement grew in strength and prosperity, with no Effinghams to disturb its peace. And for many years two figures sat as welcome guests at Shirley's fireside, and received the caresses of his blooming children. They were YANIKE, and her husband, NANNUNTENEO!

## DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

BY MRS. J. L. LEONARD.

THE solemn scene is o'er, the last prayer said,  
The bell hath toll'd its requiem for the dead,  
The grave has closed, and earth receives its trust,  
"Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust."

The loved one sleeps, ye cannot break her rest,  
'Tis soft and peaceful, on her Saviour's breast;  
This is not death, then wherefore should we weep,  
When God hath said—"He gives beloved ones sleep."

The ransom'd soul shall shine in heaven a gem  
Of radiant lustre in the diadem  
Of the Redeemer. Golden harp and crown  
Receiv'd, are cast before Jehovah's throne.

Another seraph joins the heavenly thing,  
A new voice mingles in triumphant song;  
Celestial voices bid her welcome there,  
Eternal joy and endless bliss to share.







RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

# MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT'S TRIP ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

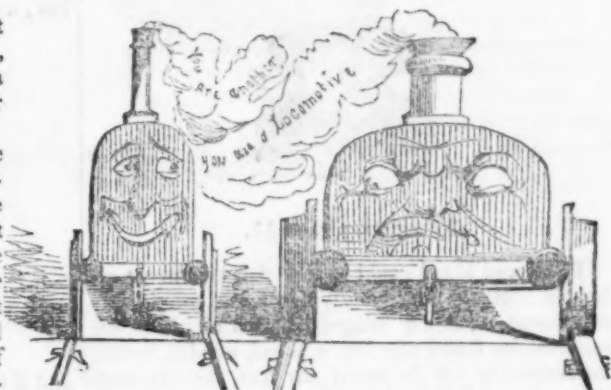
BY B. BLANQUE.

As Mr. JOHANNES SCHMIDT was left at the Harlem Depot about a month since, we presume by this time he feels right for a start. Accordingly we shall commence our journey.

As most of the readers of Holden are probably aware, the Harlem cars are *supposed* to be drawn to the outskirts of the city by horses. This is a common, but very erroneous impression. Animals are unquestionably attached to the cars for the purpose of assisting their locomotion, but they bear no resemblance to horses, and are, in fact, generally used as a sort of brake to prevent the train from overcoming the heavy grade in some parts of the road. They are also a source of great amusement to the passengers—especially those of a waggish turn of mind—who daily serve up the standing joke of "a slow coach," for the edification of all interested. These horses are supposed by many to be donkeys, from the fact that they are under the immediate control of the Directors of the Harlem Road; but whether this physiological fact is accounted for on natural grounds, or from their connection with the Directors, has never been explained. We may, *en passant*, mention, as a singular fact, that the precise horse-power of a Harlem car, when in motion, has never been ascertained correctly, though a gentleman who has been in the habit of riding there for years, has stated it, figuratively speaking, at 0001-4.

Mr. Schmidt, after the train had got under way, endeavored to get out of the way of a lady, "fat, fair and forty," who had appropriated the greater part of two seats for her own use. Mr. S., however, was in a corner as well as a dilemma, and thought it best to quietly succumb to a little inconvenience rather than dispossess a lady of her seat, especially as she looked very hard at him when he seemed inclined to move.

The cars being at last put in train for starting, the conductor rang the bell, and they left at precisely 11 o'clock. Below is a portrait of



Slowly, and gradual as though its engineer was leaving the scenes of his early childhood for a distant land, departed the heavy train. There was no hurry or bustle attendant upon their departure for the distant city of Harlem; no tears, no groans from distressed families—the ties of whose social commingling was now broken; no sobs from weeping lovers; no affectionate screaming from heart-broken mothers; no tearful sighs of elongated grief;—but the only sound borne to the ears of the passengers, and echoed through the busy streets, was, "Sun," "Herald," "Tribune,"—three distinct factions emanating from a sturdy representative of the press-room. The lady next Mr. S. partially arose for the purpose of purchasing a copy of the luminary which "shines for all," and a change immediately "came o'er the spirit of his dream," consequent upon her removal. Here is



MR. SCHMIDT AT 20 MINUTES PAST 11.

It has been ascertained, by frequent experiments, that if the protuberance denominated a *corn*, and generally situated upon some exposed portion of the foot, is exposed to outward unnatural pressure through some foreign agent, a very painful and unpleasant sensation is immediately felt crawling, as it were, from one extremity to the other. Mr. Schmidt had for some years been troubled with these execrable excrescences, and their tone had not been materially improved by a rough sea voyage. As may be supposed, when



MR. SCHMIDT AT 10 MINUTES PAST 11.



the lady in question planted her foot fairly upon the corn of his left foot, he did not feel right pleasant, and in fact thought she was proceeding to extremities with him. It, as the old proverb says, was "much against the grain" thus to suffer pain in his corner from a pressure on the corn, and he silently expostulated with her by tightly compressing his lips at precisely



30 MINUTES PAST 11.

Flesh and blood could stand this treatment no longer. Mr. S. indignantly arose and sought another seat. After a diligent search of about ten minutes, he found one on a small poodle, which inadvertently ran between his feet, thereby capsizeing the craft Schmidt and creating considerable confusion in the car, which was immensely heightened when the dog turned upon the unfortunate cause of this trouble, and fastened his teeth in his leg, to the evident detriment of the broadcloth, to say nothing of the flesh. Mr. S. uttered several curses, not loud nor deep, for his eye caught the glance of a vixenish looking, middle-aged lady, who seemed desirous of having some satisfaction for his treatment of her favorite, and he wisely resolved to defer his vengeance for awhile. But as he rose from the floor he turned toward the dog with a look in which ferocity and hate were so curiously blended that he might have passed for an old villian bent on enforcing the dog law. It was now



40 MINUTES PAST 11.

Onward swept the train of cars as though upon a regular train, and as they swiftly passed the curves and turns of the track astonished countrymen looked wonderingly on, and thought they were certainly on a bender. The passengers collectively were rode upon rails, upon a rail road, at a much faster speed than suffering rascality had ever been treated to before, and yet the iron horse faltered not. He had been fed and watered at the last station, and it was an easy task for him to keep up his steam. At the instant when Mr. Schmidt supposed his numerous troubles at an end, and his sufferings among the things that were, he experienced a new difficulty which pro-

mised to be more serious in its consequences than any of its predecessors. The teeth of the dog had made quite an impression upon the flesh of his leg, which the pain had sympathetically extended to his face and suffused his countenance with anything but a smile. Agonizing pain tortured his body, and constant fears of a spasmodic refusal of water racked his mind. Under these circumstances he certainly was excusable for contracting the muscles of his face, in the manner described below, at precisely



50 MINUTES PAST 11,

and if excusable, how much more so must he have been under the following new infliction. Feeling fatigued by his exertions and misfortunes, and well aware that he was right when he asserted that the dog was in the wrong, he placed himself gently upon one of the seats in a recumbent posture, and folded his arms for the reception of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." But new troubles were hatching for him, and matter, as yet in the embryo shell, was destined to work its worst upon the victim of circumstances and eggs. An old lady from the country, who, in common with many others, labored night and day under the impression that she could buy everything, including, of course, sweet milk and new potatoes, and other city luxuries, much cheaper in town than elsewhere, had ventured down to Washington Market to buy a few fresh eggs. They were fresh, for her nearest neighbor had carried them down the same day, and had previously had them in her house so long that she knew them to be fresh and good. Well, the old lady was returning home with her new purchase, and while gossiping with an old acquaintance,—who had not heard of the last rumor concerning the reported kiss given by Miss Green to a gentleman, which the venerable matron most ingeniously construed into a horrible case of *crim. con.*, most seriously compromising some of the first families,—while gossiping, we say, with this friend, she quite forgot her eggs, which were tied up in a small parcel, and the consequence was Mr. S., not being under the impression that he was over the eggs, demolished the whole nest. Like the bound of an India rubber ball, he was on his feet in an instant—too late. The offended yolks rose up in vengeance against him, and the cries of the old lady were indeed terrible to bear. Mr. S.'s ears were hand-cuffed by the good lady amidst the cheers and jeers of the bystanders, who were sitting around in every direction; and the unfortunate victim, who was never fond of eggs, now utterly despised them. His contortions were in-

deed unpleasant to behold, producing very nearly the effect as seen below at



12 O'CLOCK.

To attempt a description of the paroxysms of rage and grief which alternately swelled in the

bosom of the unfortunate Johannes, would be a useless task. Though not a drinking man, he wished himself a thousand times more than half-sens over, and pictured in his own mind the beauties of his former life, contrasted with the horrors of his present one. But now the cars were fast reaching their destination, and the disconsolate Schmidt was borne to the bourne from whence the train returned to the city; and as the bell rang the valedictory in noisy congratulations, and he slowly, solemnly, and soberly stepped to the ground from the car, he felt that never before had he been so unpleasantly incarcerated, and he manfully turned from the car-house to his hotel.

This was his first chapter in sight-seeing in America. His adventures while in Harlem may hereafter be chronicled minutely.

## REGULARS AND CONTINENTALS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

THE causes which led to the declaration of war between Great Britain and her colonies in America, must be fresh in the minds of all readers of history; yet their introduction here, as the groundwork of the subjoined narrative, can hardly be considered out of place. For a long time previous to the breaking out of hostilities, the colonists had viewed with suspicion and distrust the movements of the English ministry, and they were at length aroused into open action by the passage of laws for the quartering of troops among the colonies, and for rendering the Governors of said colonies solely dependant on the Crown. In order to testify their aversion to these proceedings, and their determination to resist to the last drop of their blood, if called for, any act of foreign interference or aggression, a number of Americans organized themselves into a party at Boston, and having disguised themselves as Indians, proceeded to the harbor, and forcibly boarding some of the vessels which lay there at anchor, destroyed large quantities of tea, by casting it overboard. In consequence of this proceeding, acts were passed for shutting up the port of Boston and for altering the constitution of Massachusetts Bay and Quebec. The sensation created by such odious enactments in the minds of men already awaking to a sense of their degraded and dependant condition, and longing for the blessings of a liberal government, may easily be imagined. The first indignation of the colonists having subsided, they entered into a solemn league and covenant "to suspend all commercial intercourse with the mother country until the obnoxious acts should be repealed." Measures were, meantime, adopted for holding a general

congress of the American Colonies, and a bold and energetic remonstrance, petitioning for a redress of grievances, was addressed to the King, who, however, disregarded all appeals and remonstrances alike, thus driving the Americans to their last resource—the appeal to arms.

Such was, then, the condition of affairs in America at the time of the commencement of our narrative. Foreign nations surveyed with awe and fear the stupendous cloud which hung above our country's destinies, and Great Britain gathered in her might to crush the "so-called" rebellious spirit which animated her descendants, while America, sullen and determined, leaned on her arms, and awaited calmly the approach of the conflict.

It was early in the month of April, the year 1775, the time drawing towards evening, when two young men, whose plain, homespun attire, and sun-burned countenances proclaimed them the sons of farmers, accustomed to the duties of the field, might have been seen threading with measured steps a narrow lane, thickly bordered with foliage, on the outskirts of the pleasant village of Concord, in Massachusetts. It was just after a spring shower, and thick drops of rain hung, like beads of glass, upon the clustering leaves, while the evening sun, breaking through the lessening clouds which were floating towards the east—already growing dimmer from the shadows of approaching night—lit up the tops of trees and the numerous window panes of the distant villages and hamlets with an almost golden

glow. Birds were leaping from bough to bough, and making the air resound with their twittering, while the lowing of the cattle, driven homeward by the attentive farmer's boy, came upon the ear from afar; but, notwithstanding these sights and sounds, the air of the two lads was serious and downcast, while upon the brow of one, who appeared to be the elder, brooded an uneasy, half-fearful expression, which contrasted strongly with the firm, clear aspect of his companion.

"Walter Maynard, you and I are old acquaintances—playmates, I may say, from our infancy up," exclaimed the youngest, breaking a momentary pause which had occurred between them; "but what you counsel me to do is wrong, and I have been taught always to shun advice having such a tendency. Our country, by the stand which she has taken, has, as you say, involved herself in trouble, but her sons are fully prepared to meet the contest, and I, for one, am determined to abide by the consequences."

"That's just like you, Edgar, always in your heroics," retorted the other with an attempted sneer; "your love for the daughter of farmer Ashley has filled your head with all sorts of romantic ideas, and I dare say you'd be nothing less than a second St. George, at once, if there were any dragons to kill. But, come, come, I understand all this; Lucy will not like Edgar Wallis any the less because he happens to wear a red uniform instead of a blue one—and I even doubt whether it would not raise, instead of depressing you in her estimation."

"Walter, you *know* that what you say does not come from your heart. Where you obtained these ideas it is hard to conceive, but I, for one, do not share in them. Were I to become the despicable wretch you would have me, Lucy Ashley would spurn me from her with contempt and loathing. And did I think that she could countenance such a proceeding, I would at once disclaim all right to her, and devote myself alone to the hallowed cause of my country. But why do I talk of this? Why do I speak with you at all? Walter Maynard, you are a dangerous companion, and as such I must shun you."

"I don't see that I have done any very great harm," returned Walter with a reckless air, to disguise the chagrin he really felt at the words of his former friend. "Every man has his opinions, such as they are, and if mine happen to differ with yours, that is no reason why I should not be as good a man as yourself. Besides, I have reason on my side. In the event of a war, what can our poor colonies, pressed for means, and destitute of an army, accomplish? Nothing! We shall most assuredly be cut to piece, like so much minced meat, and then matters will be much worse than they were before. But if we enlist ourselves upon the stronger side, the case would be the reverse. Great Britain has strong armies, at her disposal, and pays well those who faithfully serve her. Then there's the chance of promotion; imagine yourself a colonel of dragoons, with your brilliant scarlet uniform and a pocket lined with gold doubloons. Do you call *that* nothing? For my part, the contrast, alone, is sufficient to decide me."

Edward Wallis folded his arms, and cast upon his companion a glance of mingled reproach and disdain.

"You are resolved, then, to betray the land which gave you birth!" he exclaimed, with a curling lip. "Such sentiments would not surprise me, coming from one of our oppressors, but from you, Walter Maynard, the son of an American—bound to the land by ties stronger even than consanguinity—I blush for you! Seek not to make me waver in my determination, for it is useless. Let me, rather, dissuade you from the awful step which you are on the point of taking. The conquest of this country is by no means so certain as you imagine, and should you be taken in arms, think of the disgraceful end which awaits you! By my soul's worth, Walter, I would rather plunge myself into a gulf of liquid fire than yield to such a traitorous impulse."

"Time and circumstance will soon occasion a change in your opinions," said Maynard, coolly.

"Never!" replied the youth with firmness,—and his handsome face lighted up with a glow of patriotic fervor as he spoke,—"be the fate of my country what it may, I will remain true to her interests through all vicissitudes, and, if necessary, perish at her side. In such a cause, death has for me no terrors. The hand of scorn will not be pointed at me while I live, and when I am beneath the sod no voice will murmur, 'this is a traitor's grave!'"

"I am sorry you still refuse to be convinced," said Maynard, persisting in his object, notwithstanding his companion's evident disinclination to renew the subject; "the terms of the British are worth consideration, and to tell you the truth, I have already implicated myself in this matter beyond retracting."

"What! have you enlisted, then?" asked Edgar in astonishment, drawing back.

"To-be-sure; do you suppose I would talk so confidently if I had not? Ah! how astonished you would look if I were to tell you all I know. I hold, even now, a paper in my pocket authorizing me to enrol men for the coming war, and, to speak plainly, if you will become one of us, I can offer you a lieutenant's commission in the body about to be raised. What do you say?"

"Scoundrel! Another word on that subject, and I would cleave you to the earth, though you were twice my weight!" shouted Edgar, flushing with excitement and shame.

"That's a very lucky proviso, my easily-nettled friend," replied Maynard, taking no further pains to disguise his sneers; "for you know, if I were so disposed, I could whip ten of you. But a time is coming when we can settle this difference in a much more convenient manner. The red coats will be upon you at Concord in less than a week, and then, where are your stores, and your equipments, and——" here the speaker paused abruptly, and his face turned crimson at the thought of the blunder he had committed. "Yes," he added, "it is possible they may come this way—though some doubt it."

"Walter Maynard, I cannot conceal the contempt which your conversation has inspired in me," said the youth, hastily; "I am above disguise,



and henceforth there must be naught but enmity between us. Go your ways, traitor!—the contempt and scorn of your fellow-countrymen will follow you wherever you may direct your steps."

And, saying this, the youth called Edgar Wallis turned abruptly down an adjacent path, and Walter Maynard was alone.

"Curses upon my stupid blundering," he muttered, clenching his hands and beating his forehead; "in my carelessness I had well-nigh exposed the secret intrusted to my keeping. But it is not too late, even yet; I will return to the rendezvous and dispatch a corporal's guard to secure Master Edgar before he has a chance to do us an injury."

And leaping quickly over the hedge which bordered the lane, he disappeared among the foliage.

In the meanwhile Edgar Wallis, having quickened his steps, soon arrived in sight of a low, woodbined cottage, at the door of which, the time being evening, a family group were assembled. This group consisted of five or six persons. Near the door sat an aged lady, with her high mobbed cap, and silvery hair brushed carefully back from the brow, disclosing a forehead which, though wrinkled and sallow now, had doubtless been gazed on with envy by many an amorous swain in days of yore. A large family Bible was placed on her knees, on the pages of which she was intently poring through a pair of antique spectacles, alternately transferring her gaze from the sacred book to a couple of golden-haired children, who were playing, with loud laughter, upon the ample lawn in front of the cottage door, a large, shaggy, Newfoundland dog occasionally joining in their sports. Opposite the venerable lady was seated a comely matron, engaged at her wheel, and by her side her husband—a man seemingly of some fifty years—who, with knitted brows, was examining the contents of a newspaper published in the neighboring city of Boston. In the foreground a lovely girl of seventeen summers was engaged in laying a table preparatory to the evening's repast; for it had been a sultry day, and on such occasions farmer Ashley always preferred to dine in the open air.

"This is too provoking," he said, looking up for a moment from the paper which he was reading. The attention of the family was immediately directed to the farmer.

"What is too provoking, husband?" asked the matron, with an anxious smile, which was but too evidently assumed. "Have our *protectors* inflicted upon us any new act of aggression?"

"The British have at last landed a force, and I have too good reason to fear that they will turn their steps in this direction," replied the farmer, sorrowfully. "Had I but a son upon whom I might rely, I should be relieved of much anxiety, but the thought of leaving you all, so dear to me, unprovided for, is almost enough to unman me."

"I understand your meaning, husband," replied his wife, resolutely, "and I would not bid you for a moment stay behind when you can be of service to your country."

"Spoken like an American matron!" exclaimed the farmer. "By my faith, Bess, thou art almost as handsome as on the day when we were wed!" and he imprinted a kiss upon her lips as he spoke,

while "granny," with her eyes upraised, seemed to be invoking a blessing upon her children.

"Here comes Edgar!" suddenly exclaimed Lucy, whose eyes had been intently fixed upon the lawn during this dialogue; and a deep blush mantled upon her cheek as she spoke.

"The name reminds me that, although I have no son, there is one who can well supply that vacant place," said the farmer, rising from his seat, and approaching the new comer, whom he grasped by both hands in a manner not to be mistaken. "You are welcome, Edgar; we were just speaking of you when Lucy recognized your step. I believe the girl has sharper ears than any of us!"

Edgar, having reciprocated the old man's kindly greeting, turned to approach the object of their conversation, but she had anticipated him by running to his side, and a hearty kiss was the result of their sudden meeting.

"You scarce deserve it for your truancy," she cried, playfully, "but I cannot find it in my heart to be cruel at such a time. Is not this sunset beautiful, dear Edgar?"

"Beautiful, indeed; and to judge by the rosy color of your cheeks, it has left its stain there, also."

Need we prolong the dialogue? Most of our young readers have probably framed one out of their own vocabulary, and the task would, indeed, be useless. Suffice it to say, that while the elder folks prepared for the evening's meal, Lucy and her lover strolled down to the neighboring hedge, and while she chattered thoughtlessly over a thousand different subjects, in a tone of almost girlish innocence and glee, Edgar busied himself in plucking some wild flowers and arranging them in her hair. Suddenly, in the midst of his occupation, his brow became clouded, and Lucy, by a magnetic influence well known to lovers, immediately perceived it, and became alarmed, her own face unconsciously assuming the expression of his own.

"Good Heaven! Edgar, why do you change countenance so suddenly? Are you ill?—let us return to the house without delay!"

"I am not ill, dear Lucy—at least not ill in body," he replied, with a faint attempt at a smile. "Something there is that troubles me, I own, but my troubles, whatever they may be, are not of a physical nature; so calm your fears."

"How you frightened me; my heart is going like a drum. But, tell me, what ails you?"

Without hesitation, Edgar thereupon unfolded to her all that had transpired between himself and the young man named Walter Maynard, particularly that portion of their interview relating to the march of British regulars upon Concord, where were situated all the American military stores.

"You acted nobly—you are incapable of doing otherwise," said Lucy; "but it is not this alone that troubles you, Edgar."

"I confess, Lucy, that the thought of parting from you somewhat annoys me; but even love, however strong its tie, must sometimes yield to duty. It is evident that a long, and, perhaps, a disastrous war is impending; America, in this emergency, will have need of all her sons. Should I linger behind the rest?"

"Should you do so, Edgar, I should acknowledge that I have been deceived in the estimation I had formed of your character. It is your duty to fly to the assistance of the land that gave you birth, and, dear as you are to me, I should blush for myself if I endeavored, by word or look, to restrain you. Go, Edgar, where your country calls you; there is one who, whatever befall, will pray incessantly for your welfare!"

"That's spoken like my true-hearted wife, as I hope one day to call you; but it grows dark, and I must immediately to Concord, to disclose my suspicions to the commander of the stores. Should we lose them, it will prove a blow from which it will be long ere we can recover—perhaps never!"

"Will you not stay and sup?"—and then correcting herself, she added—"I forgot; go quickly, as you may, I will make your excuses to the family."

And bidding him an affectionate adieu, accompanied by something more substantial than mere words, she turned and tripped lightly towards the house, while Edgar leaped the hedge and disappeared down the narrow lane, now rapidly growing dusk with the shadows of twilight.

This is no romance—this scene—but a true picture of the relation in which families stood towards each other during the "days that tried men's souls." Many an Edgar Wallis has left the sides of those most dear to him, to mingle in the bloody conflict; many a Lucy Ashley has watched with a sigh the retreating figure of her patriot lover; and many a Walter Maynard has lived the degraded life, and died the ignominious death of him who figures under that name in our present brief and simple history.

As Edgar Wallis took his way rapidly down the lane in the direction of Concord, his mind was filled with a thousand conflicting emotions; love of country, of kindred, and of Lucy Ashley, occupied, by turns, his thoughts. It was now growing dark, and it was well for our young hero that he knew every crook and turning of the way, or he might have travelled all night and in the morning found himself at the point whence he started, so many devious variations had the path. Now it hid itself in deep embowering thickets, and anon emerged upon a lone and desolate common, only to hide itself again in deep and sombre woods. At intervals the moonlight streamed full upon his way; at others it only became visible at intervals, or peeped in checkered and broken patches, or lay like bars of fretted silver across the pathway. But Edgar knew the road well, having travelled it from the time when, as a school-boy, he had crept to Concord with satchel on his back, and he had no fear of surprises. It might have been better had he observed more caution, however; for, just as he was entering a deep patch of woods, singing to himself a fragment of an old hunting song, a hoarse voice at his elbow startled him with the cry of "Who goes there?"

"It is rather I who should ask that question," he replied, endeavoring to obtain a glimpse of the questioner's features through the gloom. "If you are an honest man, pursue your way, and suffer me to pursue mine, for I have urgent business to hasten me."

"Stir not; you are a prisoner to the King's First Regiment of Horse," exclaimed another voice, rudely.

"The King's?—have the enemy so soon arrived, then?"

"Come, come, youngster, we came not here to answer questions. You will learn for yourself soon enough I make no doubt."

"Unhand me! I am a peaceable man, and have done nothing to sanction this violence!" he exclaimed, endeavoring to break from them.

"Are you not Edgar Wallis?" asked the last voice.

"I am not ashamed of my name—I am Edgar Wallis!"

"All's right, then; and harkye, neighbor, talking is useless, for we are two to one, do you see, and you, I take it, are unarmed. If you offer no resistance you may escape with a few days' detention; but if you are obstinate, we may take a fancy to tar and feather you, and to roast you in your own grease, my lad.\* So best submit with a good grace to what you can't avoid."

There was some truth in this last observation, as Edgar could not help owing to himself; and, therefore, swallowing his indignation as well as he knew how, he suffered his arms to be pinioned by his captors, and was by them marched off in a contrary direction. A walk of some hours brought them to a small hamlet, situated in a retired part of the country, where the British commander, General Gage, had temporarily stationed the advance of his army; and here Edgar was forthwith conducted before the Colonel of the regiment of dragoons, into whose hands he had fallen, and who stared at the upright and unbending figure before him, as though he had expected to see a kind of savage in long, straight hair, and other fixings. He was about to speak, when Edgar anticipated him.

"Wherefore, sir, is it that I, a freeborn American, am subjected to this act of violence?" he asked, advancing a step towards the Colonel, who drew back in surprise at the undaunted bearing of the youth.

"Heyday! here's language for you; his Majesty may well look to his possessions when they breed such cubs as this. Do you know, sir, that you are in the presence of an officer in the service of the King of England?"

\* Although spoken here by the trooper in a jesting manner, the above is no unfair specimen of the treatment which our American youth sometimes experienced at the hands of their British captors, who seemed to consider the frying of a brother Saxon a very capital joke. Even as early as the commencement of the last century the conduct of the British towards the colonists was characterized by all kinds of cruelty. As an example, it is related by historians, that, about this time, a special ordinance of the government directed that when a boat, or sloop belonging to this country was passed by a British vessel, the former should strike their colors in token of servitude. This edict was not obeyed without reluctance by those for whom it was meant, and loss of life was not unfrequently the consequence of a disobedience of the order. On one occasion, a boat containing a family by the name of Ricketts, going from Whitehall, New York, to visit some acquaintances at Elizabethtown, was fired into by a British vessel for neglecting the mandate. The discharge killed the nurse, who held a baby in her arms; but though, at a subsequent examination, the authorities pronounced it a case of deliberate murder, no redress could be obtained.

"Were I in doubt, your manner would soon convince me of your station," replied Edgar, disdainfully.

The officer construed this into a compliment, and when he again spoke, it was in a more bland tone.

"So you have, at least, some perception. But lest you be led to form an erroneous impression of British chivalry, let me invite you to discuss a glass of wine with me before retiring."

"Before I can touch glasses with you, sir, I must know the 'why and wherefore' of my being here," replied the youth, sternly.

"That, it may not be our pleasure at present to divulge. Suffice it that we have a object, and as your detention is one link in our chain of conquest, it is not very likely that we shall allow you to depart."

"You will pardon me, sir, if I fail to see how my captivity can affect the conquest of an entire nation."

"That is not strange, since all persons do not see with the same eyes. But as you will not drink with me, I suppose the refusal is to be construed into an act of defiance. Is it so?"

"Plainly, then, since you will have it, Yes!"

"Very well, very well," said the officer; "it is true that by such conduct you place it in my power to deal the more vigorously with you; but, doubtless, you said this in the first heat of your passion. I know men are not apt to speak advisedly when they have their blood at fever heat. Suppose, now, we should come to a little amicable arrangement, eh?"—and the officer, as if by accident, rattled a purse of gold upon the table by which he was sitting.

Edgar cast upon him a glance of withering contempt, and significantly turned his back.

"Do you defy us still, then?" asked the Colonel, getting angry.

"I both defy and despise you; and let me tell you, Colonel, since that is your paid rank in your hireling army, I had rather that both my hands should be severed at one stroke from my body, than that they should touch one farthing of your

ill-got monies upon the disgraceful terms which you purpose! You can do with me as you please, but this is my unutterable resolution."

"Take him away with you, Wilkins," exclaimed the Colonel, addressing his orderly; "you need not be over nice about his fare; and as to bedding, if it is his intention to become a soldier, the sooner he accustoms himself to hard sleeping, the better!"

Edgar surveyed the insolent minion of tyranny from head to foot with the utmost scorn, and with his arms still pinioned behind him, followed his captors from the apartment, while the Colonel, to relieve his feelings, took another glass of wine.

"These rebel curs," said he, "are fit for nothing but to make serfs of; like swine, they will run to the devil, if you give them too much license."

But the "rebel curs" thought differently, as is proved in the sequel.

The news of her lover's misfortune was not long in coming to the ears of the devoted Lucy Ashley, and she immediately formed her determination. Informing her parents of her intentions, she enveloped herself in cloak and hood, and started, the night succeeding her lover's capture, for Concord, where she sought the presence of the American leaders without delay, and disclosed to them the enemy's rumored intentions of surprising their military stores. She was heartily thanked for her intelligence, and commended for her devotion, and a guard was allowed to escort her back in safety to her father's house. The intelligence of the approaching movement on the part of the British flew like wildfire in the prairie, and thousands of the peasantry, ere the lapse of another day, had found themselves arms and ammunition, and prepared to dispute every inch of the road marked out by the enemy. Yet, on the morning of that memorable day, farmers were at their labor in the fields as usual, and careful housewives went about their daily routine as though nothing out of the ordinary way was about to happen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SONG OF THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!

My throne, a simple chair:

I ask no other majesty

Than strikes the gazer there.

The horse of fire obeys my rod,

My couriers take the sea;

The lightning leaves the charm'd cloud

At Art's command for me.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!

Let monarchs wear a crown:

I wave my pen across the page

And crowns have tumbled down.

The world rolls on, the millions stride;

Without, the tempest rolls—

Within, I brood a quiet thought

That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!

My host embattled types:

With them I quell the tyrant's horde

And rear the stars and stripes.

I give my hand to all the race,

My altar Freedom's sod;

I say my say and bend my knee

Alone, alone to God.





**PULPIT PORTRAITS;  
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.  
BY SIGMA.**

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XVII.

REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY J. W. ORR AND BROTHER, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY A. MORAND.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN was born on the 29th of December, 1814, in Union Village, Washington County, New York. His family removed from there when he was six months of age. When he was about four years of age he came to New York city. He continued in this city for eight years, attending school during most of the time. At the age of twelve he accompanied his parents to Bennington, Vermont; and at the end of one year and a half removed with them to Boston. In no long time he returned to Bennington; and was in the seminary at that place, as also post-master of the village for some time. The remainder of the time, until he was twenty-three, was spent, more or less, in study and reading. Mr. Chapin was in a law office in Troy for nine months. For some time he was connected in the editorial department with the "Magazine and Advocate," published at Utica. It was when connected with this, at the age of twenty-three,

that he entered the ministry. He was first settled at Richmond, Virginia, in the year 1838, where he remained until December, 1840. He then removed to Charlestown, Massachusetts, and preached there during six years. From thence he went to Boston, and remained there till the 1st of May, 1848, when he received and accepted a call to settle in New York city, and is now the pastor of the Church in Murray-st.

This is a brief biography. One would not be likely to infer much from it. And yet Mr. Chapin is a great man. He has two important elements of greatness—*genius* and *goodness*. The course of his life has moved as smoothly as the streamlet flows among the meadows. Its outward circumstance neither startles by its wonders, nor awes by its grandeur. It is simply the external life of one who has followed on in the path that Providence opened before him; prompt to embrace an opportunity, but not anxious from the lack of one; making his way only so fast as it was made for him. Hence its upward course has been sure, while it has been rapid. It is a life of little variety—there is some moving from place to place, but only within a limited compass. It is such a life, in its outward circumstance, as many lead, whose departure from one place is equally unnoticed with their arrival at another. And yet it has been a great life—a life worth living—one which will not be forgotten even if it should now go out at its meridian, whose influence will never perish, and whose last sand will never drop away unnoticed. It is the *inner* life that, in this case, absorbs the interest. This bears no correspondence to the outer one. This has been replete with incident, and variety, and rich experience. There have been the youthful aspirations and the manhood's struggles—the early misgivings and the later success—the besetting temptations, and gropings for the truth, and searchings for the hidden word, and longings for the Good and Right. And it is a life in which these misgivings and searchings have come at last to merge themselves into the responsibilities of guiding and instructing others, and into untiring efforts to instil personal convictions. It is the life of a self-made man,—of one who, with no unusual early advantages, and many disadvantages, has worked his way upward and onward, till he ranks among the best pulpit orators of America. Such a life may appear tame on its surface, but oh! what revelations would startle and awe us, if, drawing aside the veil of sense, we could scan the immortal page upon which thought and feeling is engraved, and note all the experiences through which that soul has lived, during the upbuilding of that spiritual temple, as, from the foundation, stone by stone has been laid up to the crowning dome!

If we could see, when the winds of skepticism were howling around it, and the tempests of temptation beating upon it, and the floods—the surging floods of simple enticements sweeping across it, how it stood; and how at last the light broke in upon it, and a heavenly peace pervaded it—if we would see all this, we should stand in awed silence before the revelation!

We have styled Mr. Chapin a man of genius. We think him to be so—first, because of the at-

tainment of his present distinguished position as a *pulpit orator*. He has gained this eminence by personal, unassisted effort. He was favored with no thorough early training to start him, not even a college education to assist him, and no patronizing friends to “boost” him. And still he is a great preacher—a true orator. The enlightened are attracted by the comprehensiveness of his thoughts, and the refined by the exquisiteness of his illustrations; while the rude are charmed by his simplicity, and the ignorant moved by his earnestness. It is a great thing thus to concentrate on oneself the admiration of such diverse tastes. Few can do it, with all the faculties which teachers and professors furnish, and all the industry which ambition engenders. But genius, though unassisted, can accomplish even this.

And secondly, we ascribe genius to Mr. Chapin because of his *style*. It is remarkable for its purity and simplicity. We say remarkable, because it is uncommon for such a style to result from the unsystematic education which Mr. Chapin has had. In such cases there is apt to be an exuberance amounting to extravagance, and a dressing up of thought so as to smother it. But with Mr. C. this is not so. His choice of words is sensible, his selection of appellatives nice, his illustrations natural, and his sentences forcible. His style is indeed quite Saxon, with much of the Saxon strength and vigor. We would compare it with that of Dr. Orville Dewey, though without asserting its equality.

In reading his writings, one is often reminded of Dr. Dewey. Perhaps this similarity has resulted from the fact of their both having devoutly studied the same great master, Channing; or, perhaps, still more from their adoption of very similar views in religion and in politics, and having similar tastes in literature and æsthetics. There is in the style of both, to a great degree, the same elegance of carriage and grace of movement, the same simple ease, set off with rich adornings and luxurious illustrations. There is the same freedom from marbling excrescences and striking peculiarities. Dr. Dewey has made the greater advances, but Mr. Chapin is on the same path. It is very uncommon for a person to attain such a finish of style in such a brief period, with no systematic devotion to study in early life. It proves that there was innate genius in the man; a natural perception of what was beautiful, and graceful, and appropriate, and true to nature; that his judgment and taste could be depended upon as guides, without the training which Sallust, and Cicero, and Homer, and Demosthenes are made to impart. His Minerva style sprang forth from his brain—finished, full formed, panoplied for service. Such a style was conceived and begotten by Genius. Yet Genius did not do it all. Work, severe, long continued work, has been laid out some time or other. For many years Mr. C. has labored steadily and steadfastly in the path of self-improvement.

Thirdly: We deem Mr. Chapin a man of genius because of his *comprehensive views of truth*. He recognises and acknowledges two sides, nay, a dozen sides, if there are so many—and looks at them calmly and fairly. He is not hampered by the shackles of party, nor squeezed into the strait

jacket of preconceived opinions. He is ready to give ear to a novel proposition, weighing its claims candidly, deciding upon its merits dispassionately. It is the *truth*, he wants and must have; not the upbuilding of his own sect, nor the propping up of early prejudices. But he stands on the higher ground that overlooks all the barricades of party, recognising the right wherever it exists, and honoring the true-hearted wherever they may stand.

We have also spoken of Mr. Chapin as a man of *goodness*. In the use of this term we would not be misunderstood. We do not mean one who fulfils all the manifold requirements that the various relations of existence set forth—the relations of the creature to the Creator, of the redeemed to the Redeemer, of the child to the parent, the brother to the brother, the friend to the friend, the citizen to the state, the man to Humanity. We may have been peculiarly unfortunate, but we have failed to meet with the man who, in such a use of the term, could be called a man of goodness. We understand, however, that there are such "out West." Neither do we mean that class of calm, precise, unexceptionable persons, who have not originality enough to leave a beaten track, or energy enough to do a thing out of the old routine, —sans genius, sans enterprise, sans independence, sans everything.

But we mean by a man of goodness one who is possessed of an universal integrity, who is honest with his fellow-men, honest with himself, honest with his God. Not only one who deals fairly in business—that is the simplest, cheapest form of honesty, which every man must have, as he must have a coat to his back, to be respectable—but that higher, nobler form of honesty, which recognises truth even when "trodden under foot of men," and is willing to suffer for righteousness sake. We mean one who will stoop to no artifice and crouch to no meanness; who will nevertamper with policy, or hold converse with expediency; and no sooner in practice than in precept make the end justify the means. We mean one whose heart yearns for the good of his fellow-man, who labors to extend goodness through the world, and makes her cause the great purpose of his life; who lives for the truth, thinks in the truth, and would die by the truth—whose joy is Christ, whose strength is God, whose hope is Heaven! We deem Mr. C. to be such an one—

1st. Because of his *fair-mindedness* to which we have already referred. In this statement we have not the slightest reference to his theological views. He may have attained to the truth or he may not. But he has the honest heart, and that we deem of higher importance than the corrected intellect.

2d. We consider him a man of goodness because of his *philanthropy*. His heart is open to the sorrows of the unfortunate, and his ear attentive to the calls of the needy. He sees much sin and suffering, and degradation in the world, and he would do his part to remove them and leave the world better than he found it. He is an earnest up-builder of social and moral reform. His voice has been eloquent in behalf of temperance, and oppression has been denounced by his manly tones. He has interested himself in public school

education, and, when residing in Massachusetts, was a member of the "Board of Education," in connection with President Humphrey, Rev. Mr. Sears, Rev. Mr. Hooker, and others. He would improve the temporal welfare of man, as the necessary antecedent to his spiritual welfare. He would persuade him into the ways of virtue, that he might walk the golden streets hereafter.

3d. We style Mr. Chapin a man of goodness, because of his *preaching*—it is so earnest and effectual. It seems to be the outpouring of the emotions of a heart yearning for the highest good of his hearers. His sermons, to use a popular distinction, are "practical" rather than "doctrinal." He deals more with the things of life and action, than with creeds and dogmas. He regards what a man *does* as of more importance than what he believes; what he *feels* as deeper than what he thinks. He touches the hidden things of the spirit rather than unravels the intricate things of the intellect. We somewhere met with a beautiful anonymous poem, two lines of which were as follows:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought."

The latter of these is Mr. C.'s acted motto.

Indeed, there is very much of the genuine orator in Mr. Chapin's discourse. He has more native oratorical genius, we think, than any of the distinguished clergymen whom we have had the honor to describe. His voice is rich, deep-toned, and sonorous, possessed of volume and strength. Still it is to some extent uncultivated, and might, by proper exercise, be much improved. His delivery is frequently so earnest as to be impassioned. He breaks forth in strains of stirring eloquence, and seems to lose himself in the excitement of the subject. At such times the hearer is spell-bound, and the nerves thrill, and the tear starts forth unbidden. He combines some of the excellencies of Tyng and Beecher. He possesses to a great degree the fluency of the former, the command of language, the delicious flow of words; while he has the impetuosity, the sweeping, out-bursting, avalanche-like manner of the latter, so much modified as to be not only endurable, but agreeable.

With all these natural excellencies it is to be regretted that his *manner* is faulty. It does not harmonize with his style. The latter is simple and chaste, while it is forcible and pointed—the former lacks simplicity. It is excessive and strained at times—he is inclined to overdo the matter. His reading sometimes partakes of the same fault. There is an excessive distinctness of articulation—each word, nay, each syllable is rolled out in repellant isolation from its neighbor. One feels tempted to count the vowels, so distinctly are they uttered. This, to be sure, is erring on the right side. Still it is an error—an excess, and as such must be condemned. His manner needs a rigorous training. The fault is the result of the lack of this in early life. In thought and style he has wonderfully supplied the deficiency of early education, but the want of it is yet manifest in his manner. Attention to this one thing would correct it. So admirably has he succeeded in forming his style, that he certainly can accomplish the



much easier task of trimming the redundancy of manner. In school days he was fond of declamation, and practised it much, and probably at that early period faults were fastened on him, of which he has never rid himself. Still one very soon becomes accustomed to their peculiarities, so that they do not detract from the full momentum of his oratory. Faults are forgotten in the strength of the thought, the glow of earnestness, the eloquence of appeal, and the surpassing beauty of illustration. He holds the minds of his audience within the grasp of his oratory, carries them with him up the dizzy height, and down to the awful depth. All are unwaveringly attentive. Quiet reigns through the crowded building. His audiences, too, are large. It is no uncommon occasion for his church to be overfull. A large number of the young men of the city attend upon his preaching. He has great influence over them. Mr. Chapin's manner is, to a certain extent, the consequence of his physical formation. He has an energetic, thick-set body, a strong constitution and nervous temperament. In the pulpit his appearance is rather commanding. His form seems to dilate, and his forehead to swell, as he warms with the interest of the subject; and then his whole bearing is striking and interesting. He has great freedom and power of gesture, abundance of action, ease of movement, and perfect self-possession. His muscular arm moves most vigorously and forcibly, nay, sometimes passionately, and the action adds power to his words and impetus to his appeals.

Mr. Chapin has performed a great amount of literary labor. In addition to his work in connection with benevolent organizations, and his careful preparation of sermons, he has published several volumes. In 1848 he published a beautiful little book, entitled "Hours of Communion," designed especially to be used in connection with the Lord's Supper. It breathes an elevated, religious, holy sentiment. We make the following brief extract from it:

"Religion, then, consists in *being* good—in having right affections. It is a principle, a life within. All good deeds issue spontaneously from it, as precious fruit from the healthy tree. All natural results are spontaneous. The diamond sparkles without effort, and the flowers open impulsively beneath the summer rain. And true religion is a spontaneous thing—as natural as it is to weep, to love, or to rejoice. No stiff, cumbrous, artificial form can be substituted for it. The soul that possesses it breathes it out in good words and good deeds, from a natural impulse. It rises to God in devotion, it flows out to man in kindness, as naturally as the dew-drop rises to the sun, or the river rushes to the sea. It acts not from mere interest or fear. It is seraphic exultation of being, throbbing in harmony with the will of God, from which right action follows as a matter of course. As God does good because he *is* good, so does the truly religious soul."

In the same year was also published "The Crown of Thorns," being a collection of Discourses on the following subjects:—"The Christian View of Sorrow," "Christian Consolation in Loneliness,"

"Resignation," "The Mission of Little Children," "Our Relations to the Departed," "The Voices of the Dead." The following is from the beautiful Preface to this work, which sufficiently sets forth its purpose:

"To the sorrowing, then, this little volume is tendered, with the author's sympathy and affection. Upon its pages he has poured out some of the sentiments of his own heartfelt experience, knowing that they will find a response in theirs, and hoping that the book may do a work of consolation and of healing. If it impresses upon any the general sentiment it contains—the sentiment of religious resignation and triumph in affliction; if it shall cause any tearful vision to take the Christian view of sorrow; if it shall teach any troubled soul to endure and hope; if it shall lead any weary spirit to the Fountain of consolation; in one word, if it shall help any, by Christ's strength, to weave the thorns that wound them into a crown, I shall be richly rewarded, and, I trust, grateful to that God to whose service I dedicate this book, invoking his blessing upon it."

A larger volume of Mr. C.'s is entitled "Duties of Young Women." It is a collection of Discourses on the following subjects:—"The Position of Woman," "Culture," "Accomplishments," "Duty," "Female Influence," "The Maternal Relation." This is a very valuable book. It sets forth the true character of woman, her mission, and her best education. We regret that our limits forbid the insertion of extracts.

Mr. Chapin has just published a revised edition of his work, entitled "Duties of Young Men," comprising six Discourses on "Self-Duties," "Social Duties," "Duties of Young Men as Citizens," "Intellectual Duties and Moral Duties," with the "Concluding Lecture." This work is most healthy in its influence. It is eminently calculated to inspire the heart of the young man to earnestness of action, and to solemn, religious duty. It is accomplishing much good in its silent mission.

Besides these works, a number of Mr. C.'s occasional sermons have been published—only two of which we have space to notice. His "Farewell Discourse," at Boston, and his "Election Sermon," delivered, according to established usage, before the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the opening of the session in the year 1844. The former is a beautiful and affecting Discourse, setting forth the relations of a Pastor to his Flock; the latter is impressive and earnest, presenting, in a lofty, noble sentiment, the relation of the State to the Individual, and the personal responsibility of the Citizen.

Upon Mr. C.'s *philosophical* views we would be glad to comment if our limits allowed. He has some admirable notions. We can only allude to his belief that holiness rather than happiness is "the chief end of man," and that the proof of the existence of God, as a personal being, does not come from the evidence of *Design*, but is derived from self-consciousness, and from the wants and sympathies of the spiritual nature. His conceptions are clear, and his presentation of subjects beautifully fair, all-sided, and lucid. Yet in

thought there is a deeper depth sometimes unattained, and a broader Philosophy, not always comprehended. Yet in this, only the slightest criticism is deserved.

The theological views of Mr. Chapin, as gathered from his works, are these: He is called a Universalist, by which appellation is generally understood one who believes that, at death, all mankind, whether good or bad, will enter an abode of happiness and holiness. In this understanding Mr. C. is not an Universalist. He would be classed with that portion of his denomination styled Restorationists. He believes that every soul will ultimately be restored to a state of holiness, and to one of happiness—that being a consequent of holiness. He believes that Heaven is a *state* rather than a place, and Hell likewise—the former being the state into which the redeemed, the latter into which the unforgiven pass through the gates of Death. That the time of probation does not close at death, but that God's mercy and saving grace will ever be manifested while there remain any wicked upon whom to bestow them.—He believes that Christ is our Mediator and Redeemer, that he came into the world to save sinners, and offered himself as an atonement, but not as a price paid to offended justice, or a satisfaction for broken law. He does not hold to the "commercial" view of the atonement, but understands atonement to mean *at-one-ment*, at-one-mind; that is, the death of Christ was a necessary means to bring "into one mind,"—into heartfelt harmony, the separated, hostile spirits of a Holy God and sinful men. He does not believe that Christ is God, but that He represents God, leaving the assignment of his rank in the seals of being as comparatively unessential. He believes that in the case of the impenitent a change of heart and of life is an essential prerequisite to holiness, and consequently to future happiness—that forgiveness on the part of God will follow repentance, being an act of mercy from God, wholly undeserved.—We have thus imperfectly sketched the theological views of Mr. Chapin—because we think a general interest will be felt in knowing them, and because they are peculiar, so far as peculiarity consists in their being held by a portion of the sect to which Mr. C. belongs, and in not being held by a large body of Christians.

Mr. Chapin is one of those who look forward with hope to a day when liberality shall take the place of exclusiveness and sympathy the place of persecution; when a noble and wide, because a *Christian* comprehensiveness shall prevail; when Christianity shall be regarded as a *life* taking hold of the soul, instead of a collection of dead dogmas for the intellect alone.

How glorious, and lovely, and heavenly such a day! It will be the dawn of the more glorious millenium. Then the Christian will recognise the Christian wherever he is, and whatever name he may bear; and their hearts will flow together in unchecked religious sympathy—pure and kindred streams. Differences may still exist and without concession; but they will hold their appropriate inferior place, and not come in to hinder the flow of Christian communion. There will be such a full and blessed agreement in the essential living

truths of Christianity, that these differences will be slighted, absorbed, forgotten. There may even be sects, but there will be no sectarianism; there may be different titles, but there will be no bigotry. No church will immure itself, calling itself the only true one and opening its batteries on all without. No one will say, "I alone have the truth and I have all the truth." In the words of Mr. Chapin, "a man of this kind lives as much in the spirit of true, liberal Christianity, as he who digs him an abode in the cleft of the enormous mountain, wherein come glances only of the golden day, and fitful breathings of the fragrant summer, lives in the wide open sunshine and the genial atmosphere."

And after dwelling on the blessed effects on the church and in the church, of the reign of the truly liberal spirit, when all strifes, and jealousies, and wars, and tortures in the name of Christ shall have for ever ceased, let one imagine the results on an unbelieving world. As the greatest obstacle to the progress of Christianity has been the contradicting example of the church, so the great means of advance will be its true manifestation in the lives of those who profess it. A truly liberal spirit implies the right appreciation and possession of the essentials of Christianity, the partaking of its life. So in that day, when this heavenly spirit pervades the Christian church it will become such indeed, and be a shining light to attract, and guide, and save. Then shall we see and know the power of Christianity, and the complaint of its impotency will be hushed and forgotten in the yielding of all flesh to its divine authority.

The waters of the church, then kindred and pure, will flow into one river which may well be called "the river of life," into which all the streams of humanity shall pour themselves, and so the world, purified and watered, shall become the "garden of the Lord!"

We close with the following extract from "Duties of Young Men:—"

"I say now that he who is not a religious, is not a truly moral man. Doubtless there are many who discharge well their duties as citizens and friends—but this does not comprise all their duty. There is to be cultivated a pure and vital principle in the heart, which moves them to act with constant reference to the two great laws of love to God and love to man—which makes the Bible and conscience the arbiters of every deed, and sets a watch upon the motives and the thoughts. This the well-spring that gushes with Eternal Life, and that flows out upon the world in a morality that is sure and blessed. Failing to establish this, they fail to perform all their obligations as moral beings, and of course, although they may bear the name of moral men, they are not truly and completely so. Religion is a development of our moral nature, in which the soul holds communion with God, loves virtue, and renounces and wars against all evil. It is a condition in which the spiritual and eternal are exalted above the earthly and the temporal, in which sin has been repented of, and obedience to God and God's law resolved upon—in which the spiritual eye is opened and the spiritual ear unstopped, and the soul is attuned

to celestial harmony. In cherishing the religious life, man awakes, as it were, to a new being—he views this life as a field for the important work of disciplining the soul, of studying God's will, of imitating Christ. He has an object in view, before which all earthly objects wane and grow dim; which, as he advances in the path of righteousness, spread in brighter and yet brighter beams upon him, from the golden gates of Paradise, and the shining ranks of the just made perfect. It is no abstract and visionary principle. It fits him none the less to enjoy rightly the good of earth, and to discharge all the duties incumbent upon

him. Fits him none the less!—It is the only thing that fits him at all! It is the only spring of true happiness; the Guardian and Guide that walks in shining robes with us, tempted, periled and imperfect as we are, and leads us in green pastures and by still waters—arms us against every temptation, enables us to meet with fortitude every sorrow, comforts us in every affliction, assures us in every adversity, advises us in every perplexity, heals every wound of the heart, and conducts our faltering feet through all our pilgrimage, to the banks of the River of Life!"

## REV. SEWALL S. CUTTING.

BY SIGMA.

Has it been decided by the Supreme Court of Public Opinion that the avocation of an editor is inferior to that of a lawyer, or physician, or minister? If we are not misinformed, it has been so decided. On what grounds? we ask. Is it because some editors are ignorant, or mean, or weak, or disagreeable? So are some lawyers, and some physicians, and alas! some ministers. Is it because some superior editors have been thus superior, without a liberal education? And hence, is it thus reasoned in the syllogistic form?—that avocation to which a liberal education is unessential, is superior—a liberal education is unessential to the avocation of an editor, because certain first rate editors are without it—consequently, the avocation of an editor is inferior. But it is just as true, and to the same extent, that men have made excellent divines, and lawyers, and physicians, without a liberal education. Then is it because an inferior order of mind has settled in the editorial niche? In other words, is it because William Cullen Bryant, and Horace Greeley, and Gales, and Wentworth, and Ritchie, and Whittier, and Inman, are editors? The bare mention of those distinguished names withers the supposition. Why is it then that the name of "editor" does not ring as grandly on the popular ear as that of "doctor," whether it be M. D., LL. D., or D. D? Verily, we cannot tell—we fear that when the case was tried at the above mentioned bar, the counsel for the defendant was never heard, or the defendant had no counsel.

The truth in the case is, that it requires for the just fulfilment of the duties of an editor—a rare combination of qualities. It requires a mind of agility coupled with strength; of rigid thought and unbounded information; severely logical, and poetical; accurate, and comprehensive; analytic, and synthetic; and a character, decisive, and at the same time, cautious; energetic and prudent; discriminating and generous; strict and charitable; serious and witty. Now, how rare it is for one man to unite in his own self all these opposite traits! Yet not one can be spared in making up a true editor's character. A man can be a great lawyer, or physician with half of these, but not a

great editor. The truth is, an editor must know everything, see everything, feel everything, think everything, and prophecy everything; and do any one of these at a moment's warning, or it may be all of them at once. He is expected to do the thinking for the community, as well as to display the news; and this is a great thing to do. It is really awful to reflect upon the immensity, the variety, and the responsibility of an editor's calling. These have not been realized by the community. We trust, however, that they are becoming to be so. To assist the progress of a correct public sentiment, we present a brief sketch of this reverend editor of New York.

SEWALL S. CUTTING, editor of the New-York Recorder, was born at Windsor, Vermont, January 19, 1813. His father, Sewall Cutting, was a merchant of the place. His grandfather, Jonas Cutting, at the time of his (Sewall's) birth, was participating in the late war with Great Britain, as Lieutenant Colonel of the 25th Regiment of the United States Infantry. He was born in Massachusetts, and was descended from John Cutting, one of the party under Sir Richard Saltonstall, who settled Watertown in that State, in the year 1630.

The mother of the subject of this sketch was Mary Hunter, a daughter of the late Hon. William Hunter, of Vermont, who was a youthful officer in the war of the Revolution, and, under Montgomery, was present and acquired distinction at St. Johns, Montreal, Quebec, and other places. Returning to civil life he was called to various posts of trust and honor in the service of his own State, and the United States, and continued engaged in public affairs till the close of his life. In politics he was a Democrat of the school of Jefferson.

The childhood of Mr. Cutting was marked by no event or characteristic of such importance as to be in any way prophetic of his destiny or character as a man. He was fond of reading and contemplation, and it was a common topic of remark, in his family that he was in the habit of thinking and speaking on subjects, often of an abstract nature, which are rarely an object of interest to persons of his years. He also developed a fluency



in the expression of his ideas, which is still a characteristic of Mr. Cutting.

At seven years of age he was sent to the Academy of Captain Josiah Dunham, somewhat famous at the time, situated at Windsor, and commenced the study of Latin. A year later his father removed with his family to New York City, and again after no long interval to Westport, in the State of New York. Thus the studies of young Cutting were quite broken up, and the Latin language, that "great valley of dry bones" to the youthful scholar, entered by him at the age of seven, had hardly become at the age of eleven the abode of an "exceeding great army" of living, breathing, thoughts.

At this time he was sent to school at Elizabethtown, in Essex County. He was at this time favored with the superintendence of the accomplished lady whose late wanderings in Ireland are chronicled in "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," (Miss Asenath Hatch, afterwards Mrs. Nicholson). When he had barely reached his fifteenth year, he became unusually interested in the subject of religion. Thus early had the thoughtfulness of childhood advanced to the seriousness of one inquiring the way to salvation, and the curiosity of opening life ripened into questionings of immortality.

These serious inquiries, these searchings for "the way, the truth and the life," did not pass unanswered, or unsatisfied. From this time is dated the commencement of a new spiritual life—the entrance upon a path which though strait and narrow here, shall at sometime open and widen into the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

In accordance with the religious tenets of the family, Mr. Cutting was baptised at Westport, by the Rev. J. W. Dwyer, then pastor of the Baptist Church in that place.

Mr. C. had now arrived at that age when a plan of life must be formed. His father's reverses in business, thoroughly settled one important point at this doubtful period. One thing was sure, that the boy had his own destiny to work out, untrammelled by any very patronising assistance. He had full privilege to be or to do anything that he could be or do, unaided from the paternal pocket. This, we can not but believe to be a most fortunate circumstance in many cases. In this instance, at least, it induced an energy and a resolution that rarely accompanies the possession of abundant resources. It would be a capital advantage to many a rich man's son, if all his father's gold were sunk in the sea. There is something very strange in the influence of money. It seems to relax the muscles, and unnerve the will and debilitate the brain; so that a boy of excellent talents and active habits grows up an inefficient lazy man, lives a pointless unproductive life, and dies.

The boy who leans back on his father's fortune, never stands as straight and strong for it; and we are so hard hearted as never to shed one sympathising tear when told that a son is left poor by his father's failure in business. The choice so often lies between the failure of the father's fortune, and the failure of the son's whole life. We infinitely prefer the former. It is a blessed thing

for these golden supports to be knocked from under a young man. To be sure, he at first gets a tumble, but then he will soon pick himself up, and alone, and be the better for it, in body and mind,—stronger, heartier, healthier for it all his life.

Mr. C. having determined on the legal profession, and not seeing any way of completing a collegiate course, plunged at once into the reading of law-books, when he was not yet sixteen; intending to mingle with his reading, classical and general studies, as he might find opportunity. He commenced reading law at Windsor with his maternal uncle, Hon. William G. Hunter, but as it was his purpose to qualify himself for admission to the New York bar—he removed after a few months to that State, and entered the office of Hon. Jonathan Burnet, of Ticonderoga. In his eighteenth year, however, the persuasion of his religious friends, and his own convictions of duty shook his purpose to become a lawyer. He reflected long and carefully upon his course of life, his prospects and his duty, and finally came to the decision to abandon the legal for the clerical profession. The time, however, spent in the study of law was by no means thrown away. It would be well if every minister could fit himself more thoroughly for his position by reading law. The study of human law, would greatly assist in the apprehension of divine law. Of his own experience, Mr. C. thus remarks: "I regard it as of the greatest service to me that I pursued legal studies thus far. They gave me an insight into general principles, as well as induced habits of reasoning, which have been of the highest practical advantage in all my subsequent career."

And here we direct attention to the following extract from an article written by Mr. C. on "The Training of the Ministry," as somewhat relevant to the remarks just made. The views of the writer were doubtless in some measure moulded by his own experience in the preparation of lawyers. He thus admirably observes—

"The secular professions have a practical training, while the theological has a scholastic one. Here, in our view, is the grand defect,—a defect, which, while it exists, must dwarf the ministry as compared with other professions. The law student is not permitted to spend three years within the walls of a law school, in the study of the general principles of law. He may spend one year there, but the other two are spent amid the actual practice of a law office. The case of the medical profession is not different. Preparation for commercial life can be found only in the counting-room. Military education at West Point would seem to be an exception in favor of scholastic education, but it is not, for there practice is connected with theory from first to last. The United States Military Academy, which trains men for a profession adverse to the spirit of Christianity, is the best professional school in the world,—and an application of its leading ideas to the better work of training soldiers for Christ, would be the highest improvement of our theological schools."

Mr. C.'s purpose to prepare for the ministry was accompanied with a purpose to enter college, for which his preparations were completed at South

Reading, Massachusetts, under that able and faithful instructor, Rev. John Stevens, now of Cincinnati. He entered Waterville College, Maine, in 1831, and after two years transferred his connexions to the University of Vermont, doubtless a most fortunate circumstance, for this institution is probably unsurpassed in this country, in its high standard of scholarship, and the thoroughness of its philosophical teachings. There he learnt of Dr. Marsh—that man above men, that philosopher above his compeers, that profound thinker, that earnest Christian. We would fain turn aside and pay our humble tribute to the great and good, but our limits forbid. He was a great man in the true sense of greatness. With an intellect that cleared up the most entangled intricacies, a mind that grasped the most abstruse sciences, a heart that beat for all mankind, a love of truth that no interests could swerve, and no formulas confine, and a modesty that made radiant his greatness, he lived to bless the world, and has left a memory almost worshipped, and a reputation that will shine brighter and mount higher as true philosophy is extended and the world grows better.

Mr. Cutting thus forcibly speaks on one occasion: "I sat at the feet of that great and good man, Rev. James Marsh, D. D. I was accustomed to come to him with difficulties, and he solved them with a facility which never failed to surprise me, and he always sent me away with materials for thought which were sufficient to occupy my meditations for many days. I can bear testimony that the philosophy which he taught was neither unintelligible to the student, nor useless to the practical man. That philosophy interpenetrated my thoughts, and as to its leading ideas became part of myself; and I can truly say that I have never been able to influence the minds of my fellow-men by the applications of Christianity more effectually than when making those applications in conformity with its principles and under its guidance."

During his college course, Mr. Cutting devoted his attention particularly to philosophy, belles lettres and Latin. He had very little taste for mathematics, but drank in with delight the philosophical teachings presented. His health was very poor, (owing probably to his close application to study,) and in March of his senior year he left greatly prostrated, and did not return. He was not, therefore, regularly graduated, but was honored, a few years after, with the master's degree from the same University. His theological studies, such was his state of health, were pursued somewhat at random or under the occasional and limited guidance of Dr. Marsh.

In 1836, on the 31st of March, he was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in West Boylston, Mass. In September of the same year he was married to Miss E. C. Stow, daughter of Gardner Stow of Keesville, N. Y.—a lady whose qualities of mind and heart fitted her to adorn any sphere of life, and especially to bless the home of her husband. She survived her marriage, however, only two years and nine months. Mr. C. remained at West Boylston only a year and a half, at the expiration of which time he tendered his resignation, and in September of the same

year accepted an invitation to succeed Rev. Joseph G. Binney (now a missionary in Burmah) as pastor of the Baptist Church at Southbridge. In 1841 Mr. Cutting became connected in marriage with an excellent lady, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Waterman, widow of the late Mr. Thomas W. Waterman of this city, and daughter of Mr. H. H. Brown of Providence, R. I. He remained at Southbridge until called to the situation which he at present so ably fills as editor of the *New York Recorder*.

We had intended to speak of Mr. Cutting as a preacher, an editor, and a writer, but our prescribed limits will only allow of the briefest allusion, and the insertion of a few extracts from his editorials. His style is clear and simple—neither, on the one hand, marred by affectation, nor, on the other, destitute of ornament. His essays are well wrought, logical in their formation, and emphatic in their structure. He moves carefully and candidly through his subject, leaving no point untouched and no difficulty unsolved. With this excellence we were particularly impressed on reading an argument of his against the extension of slavery into the territories, which, on account of its ability, we would gladly transfer to our columns did not its length prevent.

He manifests in all his writings the advantage of being rightly and thoroughly grounded in Philosophy. He makes appeals to the fundamental principles of man's being, which can neither be gainsayed or resisted. We admire the integrity and correctness of his views, and the simplicity, yet force and beauty of their presentation. And we particularly like the spirit in which his paper is conducted—a spirit worthy of commendation to his cotemporaries, on the ground both of policy and of right. The paper is dignified, courteous, and fair throughout. Consistently with the character of its editor, though it is decided and uncompromising in its principles, it is charitable to all, and is ready to acknowledge that, however men may differ in their views, they can all be sincere, and be good, and do good, in their respective spheres. It does not, for the purpose of gaining a temporary triumph, even in the best cause, resort to sophistry in its arguments, or to questionable expediency in its course. Mr. C. never deals in personalities, and we have noticed with unfeigned pleasure, that when his arguments are met with personal invective, he never condescends to reply. It is doubtless owing partly to this peculiarity, as well as to the talents of Mr. C., that his paper has almost tripled its circulation in three years. Mr. Cutting has published a number of sermons, some articles in the *Christian Review* and in *Magazines*, and a book, entitled "*Hymns for the Vestry and Fireside*." This last was edited at the request of Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, of Boston, and does credit to the poetical talents of its editor.

To the following extracts we invite close attention. The former is part of an article on "*CHRISTIANITY AND THE AGE*," and the latter is taken from one entitled "*CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL REFORMS*"—two grand subjects, which our readers will find to be treated with great ability.

"The age is marked by an extraordinary uprising of the masses, throughout all Christendom, towards a state of personal and individual consequence, and it is the mission of Christianity to prepare these masses for the possible social comforts of their novel condition. Here is the great social problem of our times,—and Christianity alone can solve it. The nations struggle for republicanism,—Christianity alone can make republicans. Where individual life is uninspired and unmarked by the graces and virtues of Christianity, nations struggling to be free are obliged to shelter themselves from themselves under the protection of despotism. Republican France is a despotism to-day,—and, because Christianity has not yet made her citizens republicans. She will continue her struggles for freedom and will ultimately attain it,—but she will attain it only in the ratio in which Christianity reforms and exalts individual life. Her social state will be free, orderly, virtuous and happy, in just the degree in which her individual citizens become the subjects and willing servants of Christ. The universal struggle for republicanism, therefore, which marks the age, puts Christianity in a peculiar relation to the age, and demands that she should be reforming. Additional to her never-ceasing work of 'saving sinners,' and her never-ceasing work of inculcating in the limited circles of life the social virtues, she must bring her principles and laws to bear upon *all* life. 'The Application of Christianity to Social Questions,'—a subject which, as a distinct and peculiar call of the times, has become the object of an European association, demands to be a theme for all Christian thinkers, an aim for all Christian workers.—All classes of men in Christian countries, particularly the classes that have felt the pressure of political restraints and exactions, have suddenly resolved to think for themselves, to seek their own fortunes, to improve their own condition,—and such are the entangled relations of society as modified by laws, institutions, manners and habits, that social questions of every form and of vast moment must continually rise, making the nations reel to and fro like drunken men, and causing timid hearts to abandon hope for the world.' It is the mission of Christianity to produce an issue of order and happiness,—to work inwardly in the hearts of the people, and to utter outwardly in relation to all these questions the mandates of her own laws.—Life has no relation for which Christianity has not a law,—no emergency of social discord and turmoil for which her ruling presence is not the pledge of a subsidence into tranquility and peace. The authority of Jesus over the waves of Galilee is but a type of his authority over the waves of a troubled world. \* \* \* \* \*

It is to the cultivated mind of the church that we must look for the solution of the problems of society, and for the development of the laws of Christian morality, under the guidance of which the rising masses may enjoy the fruits of their struggles. It is to the Christian ministry, to Christian moralists, and to statesmen who seek their wisdom in the illuminations of Divine truth, that the world is to look for such an unfolding of the laws of Christ, as shall bring to a harmony of convictions and of conduct the rulers and the ruled,—

as shall secure equally to the rich and the poor the rewards of industry, and apportion in just measures between them the proceeds of capital and labor. In the reconstruction of society it is for them to show how Conservatism and Progress harmonize,—that to reconstruct is to save the good of the past and to add the good of the present,—and that thus only can the social fabric rise toward heaven. Without the mission to which they are called, that fabric is but a Babel, blasted by the confusion of tongues;—with that mission accomplished it shall ascend so far towards heaven that man may hold near communion with the skies, and on the breath of that exalted atmosphere catch the chorus of angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.'

"But another question suggests itself in this connexion. Are these disciples of Christ *called out* of the prevailing superstitions and vices of heathendom, and now consecrated to the good work of redeeming that moral waste, to rely on the gradual inworking of general principles, or are they to aim equally at particular results, and to adapt their agency to secure them? In our view, the latter. The gospel will accomplish much by general influences, working unseen like the purifying elements which expel noxious vapors from the atmosphere, but its chief power must ever lie in direct efforts aiming at particular results. The missionary and his mission-church aim first and most of all at the radical and thorough conversion to Christ of individual sinners. A drunkard, regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit, is effectually reformed. So of the victim of any other vice. Conversions to Christ, then, are triumphs of Social Reform—its first, best, and only reliable triumphs. Little should we have need to vote on the question whether ardent spirits shall be sold, if the Holy Spirit were to sweep through our stores, hotels and groggeries, like a mighty rushing wind, and lead the traffickers, as poor, penitent sinners, to the cross of Christ, and the forgiving mercy of God! The fountains of poison would be stanchied in an hour, and drunkards would go to their homes sober to-night!—The reader will pardon this sudden transition from heathenism abroad to heathenism at home.—But are this company of disciples, dwelling among the heathen, to do no more than aim at reforming by converting? Is this the only particular result for which they are to labor? Have they no incidental missions of benevolence to perform? They have. They are bound to unfold, generally and specially, in their teachings, the morality which they themselves obey; to utter, generally and specially, God's words against vice in all its forms; and to urge the morality of the Bible upon the practice of all men. So Jesus and his Apostles did in the planting of the church among Jews and Pagans; so must the missionary and his associates do now. Jesus and his Apostles were indeed prudent as well as faithful. They never enlisted against themselves unnecessarily the civil authorities or the hostile passions of vicious men. They knew, what some men are slow to learn, that Prudence and Fidelity were not antagonists—one the daughter of Satan, the other the daughter of God—but twin sisters, daughters of God both, and of equal service in guiding human instrumentality."



## HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

*The Great Hoggarty Diamond. By W. H. Thackeray. Harper & Brothers.*

THIS capital story was originally published in *Frazer's Magazine*, and as that work is not reprinted in this country, it will be as new and as entertaining, as though it were entirely fresh, to the great majority of readers. Although we had read it once, like the greater part of its author's writings, we read it with increased interest and a better appreciation the second time. It is broad in its humor, but yet delicate in the discrimination of character, and full of genial feeling and direct appeals to the heart and the conscience. We are glad to see that the works of Thackeray are more read in this country than they used to be; they are the true antidotes to the Bulwer and James' schools of compositions, and will have a tendency to correct many of the corruptions of the prevalent literary taste of the country. We will not attempt anything like an analysis of the story, which is rather light and rollicking, but we will please our readers better by giving the following extract, which will show the manner of treatment adopted by the author.

"A sudden thought came over me. 'My dear Mrs. Titmarsh,' says I, 'you know how poor and how good your husband is.'

"Yes," says she, rather surprised.

"Well, my dear," said I, looking her hard in the face, 'Lady Tiptoff, who knows him, wants a nurse for her son, Lord Poynings. Will you be a brave woman, and look for the place, and mayhap replace the little one that God has taken from you?'

"She began to tremble and blush; and then I told her what you, Mr. Sam, had told me the other day about your money matters; and no sooner did she hear it, than she sprang to her bonnet, and said 'Come, come,' and in five minutes she had me by the arm, and we walked together to Grosvenor square. The air did her no harm, Mr. Sam, and during the whole of the walk she never cried but once, and then it was at seeing a nursery-maid in the square.

"A great fellow in livery opens the door, and says, 'You're the forty-fifth as come about this ere place; but, fust, let me ask you a preliminary question, Are you a Hírishwoman?'

"No, sir," says Mrs. T.

"That suffisht, mem," says the gentleman in plush; 'I see you're not by your axnt. Step this way, ladies, if you please. You'll find some more candlix for the place up stairs; but I sent away forty-four happliants, because they was Hírish.'

"We were taken up-stairs over very soft carpets, and brought into a room, and told by an old lady who was there to speak very softly, for my lady was only two rooms off. And when I asked how the baby and her ladyship were, the old lady told me they were pretty well; only the doctor said Lady Tiptoff was too delicate to nurse any longer; and so it was considered necessary to have a wet nurse.

"There was another young woman in the room—a tall, fine woman as ever you saw—that looked very angry and contemptuous at Mrs. T. and me, and said, 'I've brought a letter from the duchess whose daughter I nurst; and I think, Mrs. Blenkinsop, mem, my Lady Tiptoff may look far before she finds such another nuss as me. Five feet six high, had the small-pox, married to a corporal in the life-guards, perfectly healthy, best of characters, only drink water, and as for the child, ma'am, if her ladyship had six, I've a plenty for them all.'

"As the woman was making this speech, a little gentleman in black came in from the next room, treading as if on velvet. The woman got up, and made him a low courtesy, and folding her arms on her great broad chest, repeated the speech she had made before. Mrs. T. did not get up from her chair, but only made a sort of a bow; which, to be sure, I thought was ill manners, as this gentleman was evidently the apothecary. He looked hard at her, and said, 'Well, my good woman, and are you come about the place, too?'

"Yes, sir," says she, blushing.

"You seem very delicate. How old is your child? How many have you had? What character have you?'

"Your wife didn't answer a word; so I stepped up, and

said, 'Sir,' says I, 'this lady has just lost her first child, and isn't used to look for places, being the daughter of a captain in the navy; so you'll excuse her want of manners in not getting up when you came in.'

"The doctor at this sat down and began talking very kindly to her; he said he was afraid that her application would be unsuccessful, as Mrs. Horner came very strongly recommended from the Duchess of Doncaster, whose relative Lady Tiptoff was; and presently my lady appeared, looking very pretty, ma'am, in an elegant lace cap, and a sweet muslin robe-de-sham.

"A nurse came out of her ladyship's room with her; and while my lady was talking to us, walked up and down in the next room with something in her arms.

"First my lady spoke to Mrs. Horner, and then to Mrs. T.; but all the while she was talking, Mrs. Titmarsh, rather rudely as I thought, ma'am, was looking into the next room; looking—looking at the baby there with all her might. My lady asked her her name, and if she had any character; and as she did not speak, I spoke up for her, and said she was the wife of the best man in the world; that her ladyship knew the gentleman, too, and had brought him a haunch of venison. Then Lady Tiptoff looked up quite astonished, and I told the whole story how you had been head clerk, and that rascal, Brough, had brought you to ruin. 'Poor thing!' said my lady; Mrs. Titmarsh did not speak, but still kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Horner looked angrily at her.

"Poor thing!" said my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand very kind, 'she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?'

"Five weeks and two days!" says your wife, sobbing.

"Mrs. Horner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was thinking of.

"Silence, woman!" says she, angrily, to the great grenadier-woman, and at this moment the child in the next room began crying.

"As soon as your wife heard the noise she sprang from her chair and made a step forward, and put both her hands to her breast, and said, 'The child—the child—give it me!' and then began to cry again.

"My lady looked at her for a moment, and then ran into the next room and brought her the baby, and the baby clung to her as if he knew her; and a pretty sight it was to see that dear woman with the child at her bosom.

"When my lady saw it, what do you think she did? After looking on for a moment, she put her arms round your wife's neck, and kissed her.

"My dear," said she, 'I am sure you are as good as you are pretty, and you shall keep the child, and thank God for sending you to me!'

"These were her very words; and Dr. Bland, who was standing by, says, 'It's a second judgment of Solomon!'

"I suppose, my lady, you don't want me?" says the big woman, with another courtesy.

"Not in the least!" answers my lady, haughtily, and the grenadier left the room; and then I told all your story at full length, and Mr. Blenkinsop kept me to tea, and I saw the beautiful room that Mrs. Titmarsh is to have next to Lady Tiptoff's; and when my lord came home, what does he do but insist upon coming back with me here in a hackney-coach, as he said he must apologize to you for keeping your wife away.

*Poems by Anne C. Lynch. Illustrated. Putnam. New York. 1849.*

MISS LYNCH is a good poet if she is not a great one; if she has not founded a new school of poetry, she has at least found a new one, and is one of the most devoted of its neophytes. The romantic school of poetry with Mrs. Hemans for its head, has passed away, or is fast passing; good luck to it; and the philanthropic school has succeeded, and is now in the ascendant. There is at least an affectation of sincerity, a show of goodness in the new school, even though it be but a show, which is infinitely preferable to the affectations which it has displaced. All the trumpery of the middle ages, the knights in armor, the foolery of the crusades, the languishing maidens, the dying troubadours, the besieged castles, and the captive warriors, have given place to songs

about pauper funerals, distressed shirt makers, the virtues of cold water, the charms of peace, the delights of virtue, the happiness of living quietly at home, and the beauty of old arm chairs, old mills, old Bibles and old everything but old women. Poetry to be popular now, must be good in sentiment let it be ever so bad in construction; it must be virtuous, even though it be ungrammatical. There is to be no more cakes and ale in verse, and the flowing bowl and all the products of the wine press or the brewery must never again be set to rhyme. The song of the shirt is the last shift of the muses, and we be to the poet who makes an appeal to the public and forgets to say a word for the poor.

Miss Lynch's humor is in exact accordance with the new spirit of the age; she overflows with benevolent yearnings, and never takes up her pen but with an eye to suffering humanity; among all the writers of her class she is decidedly at once the most manly and the most womanly. There is an *aura* of good feeling about her compositions in verse which at least gains the respect and confidence of her readers if nothing more. But there is something better than a mere show of philanthropy in Miss Lynch's poems, they contain evidences of a sincere and earnest spirit, and a devoted love of art; what she thinks worth doing at all she thinks worth doing well, or at least as well as she has the power to do.—It is no small proof of her merits as a poet that she has gained so delicate a compliment to her genius as that implied by the voluntary presentation of the designs illustrating her poems, from some of the most eminent artists in the country, which we find in this very beautiful volume; among them are contributions from Darley, Durand, Huntington and Rothermel.

There are ninety odd different pieces in this small volume, which is a much greater number than was produced by Milton; they are mostly short and many "occasional; a good many of them have already been before the public and have been widely circulated. "Books for the People," which was first published, we think, in the Democratic Review, was one of the most popular of the many humanitarian poems of the day.

The volume in its mechanical and artistic "fixings" is an elegant one, and the style of its illustrations are novel. They are engraved on wood as vignettes, and illustrate the author while they have a merit of their own as distinct pictures.—The Dedication to "My Mother" is full of tenderness and holy affection, and, in poetic merit, is, perhaps, the finest composition in the volume. The following lines we do not remember having seen in print before:

#### ON A PICTURE OF RUTH.

"Fresh, through the mist of ages past,  
Thou risest on our view,  
As when from Judah's waving fields  
Thy footsteps brushed the dew.

"Yet 'tis not for thy beauty's sake  
We thus remember thee;  
Although a chieftain's captive breast  
Attests its potency.

"Nor for the quiet interest  
Thy simple story brings;  
And not that from thy side there sprang  
A line of prophet kings.

"But for that changeless, deathless love,  
The true soul only knows,  
That still, as darker lowers the night,  
Sereener, brighter, glows.

"That love that led thee forth to seek  
The stranger's still abode,  
Upon whose altar thou could'st lay  
Thy home, thy land, thy God.

*Beauties of Sacred Literature. Illustrated by eight steel Engravings. Edited by Thomas Wyatt, A. M. Boston: James Munroe & Co.*

THIS is an extremely beautiful book in its "getting up;" we have not seen a prettier specimen of book-making this season; the engravings are not of the highest order of art, but they are very fair: they are mezzotints of good pictures, and, like the greater part of the contents of the volume, are borrowed, or rather appropriated. We know not why the publishers should have taken out a copy-right in their own name for other people's property. Among the pieces in the volume is one by Bryant, entitled "Consolation for Mortality," which is rank blasphemy, not the poetry but the title; this piece has been about thirty years before the world and is familiar to every school-boy under the title of "Thanatopsis." We do not much fancy this setting apart little pieces of devotional writing and calling them "Sacred Literature" par excellence, for all literature that is worth preserving is alike sacred. Whatever is true is holy; and therefore in a collection of "Beauties of Sacred Literature" we might reasonably have looked for an extract from Shakespeare or Burns. However, it seems to have been the desire of the editor to make his selections chiefly from the writings of Unitarian clergymen, although not exclusively, as, among the names of authors, we notice that of Rev. S. H. Cox.—We extract part of an article by Rev. F. W. Holland, of Boston, entitled "Simon Peter." Mr. Holland is a true hearted servant of God whose chief delight is to do good, and it gives us pleasure to be able to give an extract from one of his literary productions.

"A more simple character than Peter's could not well be studied. The oldest of the apostles—one of the earliest of the disciples—a fisherman by profession—the Savior's host at Capernaum—the first in danger, first in duty, first in the confession of Christ, and first in his denial—he seems the born head of the new church, until the conversion of Paul gave to the cause a champion yet more heroic. His life certainly cannot be wanting in the highest moral lessons; his spirit may well pass before us, to rebuke our halting obedience, our languid attachment, our half-way confession of the Master.

"There is, I cannot but think, peculiar confirmation of the credibility of the gospels, in their artless yet perfectly symmetrical presentation of Peter. Unacquainted as they were with the sketching of character, an art of very modern date, here is a character uniformly in harmony with itself—a character running its marked traits to excess, yet never deviating from them—doing at times what it seemed impossible for him to do, yet just as unconscious as a babe of his extravagance—surprising us with wonderful glimpses of heroism, which look strange enough beside his frequent cowardice, yet which, viewed a little farther, stand out before us in a lustrous consistency—whose development comes along necessarily in the current of the Savior's experience.

"Who does not see that these most child-like narrators give us, in every thing which this apostle does or fails to do, the same disinterestedness and daring, the same forward, sanguine spirit, the same entire ignorance of himself, the same perfect reliance on Christ? and yet, mingling in bold contrast with this, what a headstrong and precipitate temper, how easily surprised, how soon dismayed, how continually liable to veer from one pole of feeling to the other.

"The same fervid zeal that impelled him to walk needlessly on the swollen sea—that protested, 'I will lay down my life for thy sake'—that even rebuked Jesus when he spake of his own death, saying, 'Be it far from thee, it shall not be done unto thee!'—that exclaimed at the supper, 'Thou shalt never wash my feet'—that drew the unbidden weapon of assault, and gave the first blow in the garden of betrayal—preserves every where the same moral likeness.—From beginning to end, there appear the same fluctuations of thought and emotion, the same terror at peril, the same treachery in extremity, until the resurrection of Jesus and the descent of the Holy Spirit started him anew,—a changed creature.

"It was the self-same mind which leaped in each case to the farthest extreme—which burst out in the exclamation, 'Not my feet only, but my hands and my head'—which cried on the tossing waves, 'Save me, or I perish,' while in

perfect safety beneath his Master's eye—which shortly after denied him with repeated oaths in the judgment-hall—which broke forth then in a repentance deep as the offence, in a contrition acceptable to the searching eye of Jesus, and not wanting in the experience of after years—and which, less confident of success, would have been very likely to have succeeded—less sure of the result, could have made the result sure beyond a doubt. Each of these striking events is so perfectly Peter-like, that we need not his name attached to tell us who said or did thus; as long as it was one of the twelve, we are quite certain which one. Any hesitancy about the agent is impossible; all minds fix at once upon a single prominent personage; and, all this symmetry of character, without any attempt to put it in the front, nay, without any conception that the facts would ever be turned to any such account.

Circumstances appear to bring out the apostle; events as they pass develop his soul; his impetuous spirit places him in the foreground, beside his Master; his headlong zeal throws the rest of the band into the shade. And the unquestionable reality of such a prominent actor invests the whole narrative with the drapery of truth; we feel from one such test that we are dealing with real men and actual events; we carry this conviction with us through the Acts and Epistles, as well as the Gospels; the names there given are no longer mere names; the personages there presenting themselves in such brief glimpses are far enough from being ideal—they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Such simple, unstudied narratives could never have been manufactured to impose upon our credulity by men, who exhibit, like children, their own weakness and worldliness in humbling contrast with the spirituality of Jesus; no such character could have been perfectly maintained through the utmost variety of incident with entire sameness of thought.—Such is one of the inartificial testimonies which address themselves at once to all hearts, which appeal to all consciences alike, which furnish a kind of proof, often overlooked by the learned theologian, but richly blessed to the disciple's soul.

But the great thing in Peter's experience is the proof it affords, that right feeling is not enough; nor right action; nor, least of all, right conversation, a Christian profession before the church or the world; that, underlying all these as the granite underlies the crust of earth, must be right principle.

There is no danger that feeling will ever be undervalued; it is so delightful to possess, and so beautiful in manifestation; it is so easily assumed, and so generously welcomed; it is so prompted by circumstance, and ministered to by a constant Providence, as to require none of that solicitude which other parts of Christian character demand. We are all attracted to a generous, enthusiastic piety, like that of Peter; while the purity of Nathaniel sometimes chills us, and the inquiring temper of Thomas jars us like a blow. But mere feeling is like the wind which fills the sails, and if principle guide not the ship, may wreck us all upon the first rock. Feeling ebbs and flows perpetually, while principle has the same strong, noiseless current, morning, noon, and night. Feeling is the sea-flower, now floating on the crested waves, now drooping because the tide is gone; now torn rudely off, and tossed away to perish by some sterner blast; while principle is the firm old rock, over which the waves dash without dislodging it from its bed, or disturbing its deep repose.

Feeling is a delightful friend and flatterer, an excellent helper, but a dangerous master; while principle is a counsellor, sure as the sun, like that, brightening towards the perfect day as we follow its rays. Feeling, mere feeling, betrays us to danger and surrounds us with difficulty; it bids us walk the sea, plunge needlessly into the midst of enemies, promise what we have no strength to perform; while principle will bear us through even the trial it would have taught us to avoid, and deliver from untold peril by the wholesome sense of our own weakness and the wise distrust of our untried strength."

*The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors.* By Samuel Warren. New York: Harper & Brother. 1848.

MR. WARREN is author of some of the most popular novels that have been published during the past twenty years; any author of moderate ambition might be satisfied to produce such saleable works as the "Diary of a Physician" and "Ten Thousand a Year;" but the great ambition of Mr. Warren appears to be to have the reputation of a grave writer on law. If he were a man of ordinary shrewdness he would know that the talents requisite to the production of

works so radically opposite in their character as law books and story books could never be combined in one set of mental faculties. The law calls for no exercise of the imagination, it is the driest, most technical and yet the least reliable of all studies. It has sometimes been called a science; but law and science are antipodal terms. Whoever is fit for a lawyer is fit for nothing else, and whoever is fit for anything else is not fit for the law. Mr. Warren being an imaginative writer, is, of necessity, unfit for a lawyer. But the bar in England is the most honorable employment next to the church, and therefore many men of genius have prostituted their talents and literally destroyed themselves by devoting themselves to a profession from the most mercenary and selfish motives, which they must, in their hearts, have detested. Mr. Warren is one of these men, and notwithstanding the eulogies he has pronounced upon the rascally profession, we have no doubt that he thoroughly hates it. This little volume, which is marked by many of its author's peculiarities of style, was published in London at the request of the Law Society of the United Kingdom, before whom its contents were delivered in the form of lectures. The following preface explains the motives of the author:

"However this work may be received by the great and powerful body, numbering between thirteen and fourteen thousand, to whom it is professedly addressed, it is offered in a spirit of candor and independence, but at the same time with peculiar solicitude, and under an almost painful sense of responsibility. The author's anxieties, however, abate a little, when he reverts to the hearty reception of the 'Lectures,' by the large audiences before whom they were delivered, and reflects on the sanction afforded to those Lectures; by the Council of the Law Society—gentlemen of great practical experience, and professional eminence, who, after hearing the Lectures, felt themselves justified in requesting the speedy publication of them, as calculated to be practically useful to the profession. He has done his utmost to render the ensuing pages worth reading. It has cost him, indeed, very severe exertion, and at a period of the year usually devoted to recreation, to comply with the many applications which have been made, for the publication of the Lectures during the vacation.

"He ventures to express a hope that the work will prove not altogether uninteresting to even non-professional readers. One leading object of the author has been to show both attorneys and solicitors, and their clients, what are their reciprocal rights and duties: that both parties are bound to be honorable, liberal, reasonable, and conscientious in their professional intercourse and dealings with each other; and, in a word, that the true interests of the profession and the public are identical."

The greater part of the volume would apply as well to the student in any other profession as that of the lawyer.

The following extracts from the first lecture are a fair sample of the work, and are also valuable in themselves for other than law students:

"May I be allowed here to whisper a suggestion to the parent or guardian of one about to be introduced into the profession?"

"Let him pause for a moment, and look a little ahead: let him imagine the *five years over*: what is then to be done? Is he acting without reference to such an inquiry? Has family, social, professional, or commercial connection been duly considered? Whether the youth is to practice in, or near, the locality where he receives his professional education? Or will he be left as a soldier of fortune, to shift for himself—the world being all before him, where to choose? Has provision been made against the sad contingencies of life? Or has the unfortunate youth been started in an expensive, precarious, and overstocked profession, his best years consumed in learning to practice that which the death or misfortune of others may deprive him of all opportunity of practicing, and leave him unfit for any other; unprovided for, and heart-broken, shipwrecked, as it were, at starting, through the over-sanguine thoughtlessness, recklessness, or improvidence of those whom the voice of nature should have taught better things? I only ask the question, and pass on.

"Having entered into the office, remember that you ought



thenceforth to occupy it as a *student*, by seeing, and helping to transact the business there; but, observe, not as a servant, a mere runner of errands, or copying clerk; but as a student of the law: your object being to learn that profession by which you are to live for the rest of your life; which you are to practice under the solemn sanction of an oath; from which you are to derive emolument, influence, and reputation, and in doing so, discharge the duties of a very responsible member of society; to acquire that professional knowledge, which will, as I have already intimated, one day be inquired pretty sternly into, by competent authority: as many a gentleman now in this Hall knows to be the case, or will know, on Tuesday next: that general fitness which may be put severely to the test, on the very first day on which you formally announce to the world your having become an attorney and solicitor; in which capacity some unexpected client may call you in to advise, on a great and unforeseen emergency not admitting of any one else being sent for; it being one of those '*occasions sudden*,' against which our great master, Lord Coke, warns the law-student. Those two words should be perpetually glistening before the eyes of the articulated clerk; reminding him of the duty which, so to speak, he owes to himself, throughout his clerkship; stimulating him to extract, with bee-like industry, knowledge, invaluable for his own purposes and benefit, from every thing, great or small, that passes around him in the office; tending to develop in him, gradually, that calming and inspiring sense of self-reliance, which nothing else can possibly beget or, at all events, warrant. Whatever his hand finds to do, let him do it with his might. Let *drudgery* be a word which never passes his lips, nor enters into his thoughts; for it is too often the mere catch-word of flighty fools. The late Sir Astley Cooper, perhaps the greatest surgeon that ever lived, told me, not long before he died, when giving me some interesting particulars about his early career, that he counted nothing '*drudgery*' when he entered his profession, to which he gave himself up altogether; doing every thing he could find to do, never caring how disagreeable and repulsive it was; nor whether he did it over and over again; for he reflected that *practice* would make perfect; and by so doing he had seen out, and done better than a good many fine gentlemanly fellow-students! Memorable words, surely! and perfectly applicable to every one of yourselves, standing on the threshold of your professional career. Every instrument you draw, or copy—and be not sparing, by the way, of your copying—every notice you serve; every time you attend public offices, the chambers of counsel, or the judges, or are in court, bear in mind that you are laying the rich seeds of a harvest which you hope, with the blessing of Providence, to reap for your own support and honor in after life. Think 'How can I, within a few years hence, be *master*, and direct others, or judge of the sufficiency of their doings, without a cowardly and sometimes dangerous reliance on paid assistants, if I do not now qualify myself to do so?' Let considerations such as these, be your solace and support in many an inevitable hour of depressing fatigue and exhaustion, such as every one of the most distinguished of your seniors and superiors has had to undergo. Believe that the good day will come, and that you are only getting ready for it. Besides, the eye of your master, whom you should ever make your friend, is upon you, much oftener than you think for: the watchful eye of, it may be, an able and a kind master; who will not fail to notice your exemplary conduct, and in due time may give you decisive marks of his approbation and confidence. He may be a gentleman of great influence; a good word from whom may place you well for life. He may say, with a kindly and grateful recollection of your modest assiduity, 'He was a good fellow in my office, and I'll show him that I don't forget him.'—Why, this has been said and done thousands of times; and has opened many a young man's way to fortune. How do you know what proposal he may not think fit to make, at the close of your articles—to one whom he has found uniformly conscientious, respectful, attentive to business, discreet in difficult matters, and displaying real talents and sound knowledge? Instances have come under my own personal notice, several times, in which a young man, not long out of articles, which he had served exemplarily, has unexpectedly found himself, through the generous, but, at the same time, prudent and well-considered confidence which had grown up in his master's mind, concerning him, offered advantages of which he had never even dreamed an hour before. Shall I reverse the picture? No; you may reverse it for yourselves. Heaven forbid that you should take literally what I say! But try to imagine the consequences too surely following an opposite line of conduct!

"I must now hasten to lay before you a few out of many topics occurring to me, which I trust may be found not unworthy of being borne in mind by articulated clerks determined to make the most of their opportunities during pupillage.

"Never forget that you are, and are bound to sustain the character of, a gentleman; that you are looking forward to enjoying intercourse with gentlemen, in the practice of your profession; with ladies and gentlemen, perhaps, of great refinement, and often of high rank and breeding, of distinguished standing in society, and who may suddenly contract toward you a disgust, from any exhibition of coarseness, vulgarity, or undue forwardness, which may disincline them to communicate with you on their affairs, even though they may think you competent, in point of knowledge and zeal, to attend to their interests.

"Avoid every approach to *flippancy*. I know that this is a word of doubtful etymology, and difficult formally to define; yet I am persuaded that the mere utterance of it conveys pretty distinct notions to all present, and may call up before the mind's eye of each the image of some person or other who exemplifies it. Flippancy is always offensive, particularly to the refined, the sensitive, and the fastidious; characteristic of under-breeding and vulgarity; and calculated to detract seriously from the efficacy of what you might be doing otherwise ably and satisfactorily. It may provoke severe and galling rebuke from your seniors and superiors; it irritates an opponent; is likely to precipitate you both into a quarrel; and disgusts clients. The opposite, or rather the contrary, of flippancy exists in a decorous tranquility, a considerate respectfulness of demeanor, far removed from any thing like pertness, bantering, jocular familiarities, and attempts to be sharp and smart. A man of intellect, of genius, may be witty, and occasionally sarcastic; but unless there be a flaw in his composition, or he have contracted bad habits, in inferior society, he can not possibly be flippant.—And let me give you a practical rule to observe, in order to avoid this disagreeable and offensive tendency. Reverently adopting the injunction of the inspired writer, I say—*Honor all men*. Foster the disposition to treat every body respectfully; and never presumptuously give yourself credit for being so superior to others, either in station, or talent, or acquirement, that you may take liberties with them. He who thinks so is a fool; and he who shows by his conduct that he thinks so, is also a jackanapes.

"Keep a strong and constant watch upon your temper, if you would prepare yourselves to secure great advantages, and avoid innumerable vexations and mortifications, during your professional career. Of all the professions and callings in life in this country, none draws such heavy drafts on the temper as ours; and the consequences of dishonoring those drafts are extremely serious. 'Tis a default of the agent for which his principal suffers. Besides this, a man of frail, irritable, envious temperament, may lay his account with hourly wretchedness; for he is continually exposed to trials which only a well-regulated temper can withstand. How many, how very many instances have I seen of the truth of these remarks! Two I could describe, but for obvious reasons shall not. One issued in brain fever, which ended in complete mental prostration; the other, I fear there is no reason to doubt, in suicide!

"Never suffer yourselves to be betrayed into the use of slang expressions; or, above all, irreverent and profane language. The former of these evil habits exposes you to the contempt of gentlemen; the latter, to the displeasure of Almighty God, who has expressly declared that such conduct shall not go unpunished. I know that with great numbers of you—gentlemen strictly trained, and moving in superior society—these cautions are superfluous; but there may be some, and especially among the younger of you, who may find it worth while to take a hint; brought as they, as indeed all of you, often necessarily are, in the course of business, into contact with persons much beneath you in rank, with the mere undertrappers and hangers-on of the profession.

"Rely upon it, that it will most sensibly and directly contribute to your interests to cultivate on all occasions, both in general society and in the transactions of business, a courteous demeanor, and also a certain gravity of carriage befitting one who aspires to be intrusted with the grave concerns of others. Gentlemen, believe me, every client thinks every thing belonging to himself, and requiring your assistance, important; and if he fancy that he sees in you a trifling and frivolous person, he will deem you unfit for the management of his affairs, even though he may think you sharp and clever."

*Proverbs for the People: or, Illustrations of Practical Godliness drawn from the Book of Wisdom. By E. L. Magoon. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1849.*

THERE is much admirable writing in this handsomely printed volume, and we cannot give a better criticism upon

its merits than by offering the following extract from the essay on the proverb: "Grievous words stir up anger."

"It has been said that an Irishman is at peace, only when he is in a quarrel; a Scotchman is at home, only when he is abroad; an Englishman is contented, only while finding fault with something or somebody; and, let us add, that a capacious, busy, blustering, impetuous American is at the height of felicity, only while he is in all these tumultuous conditions at the same time. Place of birth and peculiarity of dialect matters not; wherever the graceless cynic throws around him 'the rhinoceros skin of impudence,' the identity of his character is fixed, and is very likely to remain unchanged. His misanthropic heart is a fountain of bitterness, whose incessant flow indicates a disposition perpetually perverse. By a few masterly outlines, the great bard has presented a vivid portraiture of the censorious man. 'Thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat.'

"Says Solomon, 'An ungodly man diggeth up evil; and in his lips there is a burning fire. A foward man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends.' Instead of 'covering all' in the spirit of the gospel, the capacious are most busy in digging up evil; they 'search for hid treasure,' black and foul as their own loathsome spirit, and take the greatest delight in reviving what had been long buried, only to invest it with aggravating circumstances and a more envenomed life. Such a perturbed and wretched anarchist goes forth with diligent hand to sow the seed of strife in every furrow of society,—seed that spring up only in tempests, and generate the worst pestilence from the rotten fruits they produce.

"It is not uncommon for this class of persons to assign good motives for their bad deeds. A divine proverb says, 'An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor.'—Haman, under a pretence of loyalty, attempted to destroy a whole nation. Ziba, under the same false garb, would have destroyed his neighbor. Ahab, the lying prophet, from mere wilfulness, ruined his brother. The hypocrite's mouth is 'a world of iniquity,' it contains 'a little member' always armed and active against true greatness, a weapon fearfully destructive since, as the apostle James declares, it is 'set on fire of hell.'

"To conciliate the censorious is almost impossible. They are usually the most obdurate, because most prejudiced; therefore they are the last to appreciate kindness, and least susceptible to conviction.

"All seems infected that the infected spy,  
And all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

The influence of such individuals is well stated in the following Scripture: 'The north wind bringeth forth rain: so doth a backbiting tongue an angry countenance.' To suppress rage is undoubtedly a duty, but it is a task the hardest to perform in the presence of those who are constantly finding fault. The evil is aggravated by the fact that those who are most tantalizing are always the most unworthy of regard. The most contemptible foes are the most annoying; as Southey has said,

"Quick am I to feel  
Little ills,—perhaps o'erhasty; summer gnats,  
Finding my cheek unguarded, may infix  
Their skin-deep stings, to vex and irritate;  
But if the wolf or forest boar be nigh,  
I am awake to danger. Even so  
Bear I a mind of steel and adamant  
Against all greater wrongs."

"Grievous words are the oil which augments the flame of passion and intensifies its heat; for this reason they should be studiously repelled and repressed. Says an old and wise counsellor, 'When men are provoked, speak gently to them, and they will be pacified; as the Ephraimites were by Gideon's mildness: whereas, on a like occasion, by Jephtha's roughness they were exasperated, and the consequences were bad. Reason will be better spoken, and a righteous cause better pleaded, with meekness, than with passion; hard arguments do best with soft words.'

"In the second place, the censorious man usually complains without sufficient cause. In all waters there are some fish that love to swim against the stream; and in every community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to everybody else. Demand a reason for their obstinate dissent, and you will probably obtain a reply about as intelli-

gent and magnanimous as the one recorded in the following lines:

"I do not like you Doctor Fell,  
The reason why, I cannot tell,  
But—I do not like you Doctor Fell."

"It is painful to see persons thus 'fretting in their own grease,' as anger without reason is like fire under an empty kettle, it burns the vessel to no purpose. Such a frantic member of society is a furious beast in his demeanor towards more worthy associates, because the native impulse is grovelling and bestial which sways himself. It was with a vain hope of correcting this fatal eccentricity, that Burke wrote as follows to his capacious friend Barry, while studying his art at Rome, 'That you have just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do noways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations; in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.—Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own.'

"Stiff necks are always diseased ones, and trees that are hollow are the most unbending; but their inflexibility is the product and proof of unsoundness rather than of strength. A delicate and flexible demeanor is a prominent trait in polished life. The hostility of the truly great is always marked by courteous generosity; while mediocrity is perpetually envious towards original minds and magnanimous thoughts.—The undisciplined harshness and furious invective of such is the exponent of their native meanness and the badge of predestined contempt. Says Schiller, 'How should they, who know no other measure of worth than the toil of acquisition and its palpable results, be capable of estimating the calm operation of taste upon the outward and inward man, while they regard the fortuitous disadvantages of polite literature, without its essential benefits. The man without perception of form despises all grace in eloquence as corruption, all elegance in conversation as hypocrisy, all delicacy and loveliness of demeanor as exaggeration and affectation. He can never forgive it in the favorite of the graces, that, as a companion, he adorns all circles, as a man of business, moulds all heads to his designs, as an author imprints, perhaps, his spirit on the whole of his century, while he, the victim of drudgery, with all his knowledge can command no attention, nor move so much as a stone from its place.'"

Mary Barton. *A Tale of Manchester Life.* Harper and Brothers.

THIS interesting novel of common life is of a very different character from the ordinary English novels that are reprinted in this country. It is as different as possible from the Bulwer, James, or D'Israeli school of fiction. The author thus explains the motives that led to its composition:

"Three years ago I became anxious (from circumstances that need not be more fully alluded to) to employ myself in writing a work of fiction. Living in Manchester, but with a deep relish and fond admiration for the country, my first thought was to find a frame-work for my story in some rural scene; and I had already made a little progress in a tale, the period of which was more than a century ago, and the place on the borders of Yorkshire, when I bethought me how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed me daily in the busy streets of the town in which I resided. I had always felt a deep sympathy with the care-worn men, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want; tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men. A little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the work-people with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful among them; I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich, the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own.—Whether the bitter complaints made by them, of the neglect



which they experienced from the prosperous—especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up—were well founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge, in too many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester.

"The more I reflected on this unhappy state of things between those so bound to each other by common interests, as the employers and the employed must ever be, the more anxious I became to give some utterance to the agony which, from time to time, convulses this dumb people; the agony of suffering without the sympathy of the happy, or of erroneously believing that such is the case. If it be an error, that the woes, which come with ever returning tide-like flood to overwhelm the workmen in our manufacturing towns, pass unregarded by all but the sufferers, it is at any rate an error so bitter in its consequences to all parties, that whatever public effort can do in the way of legislation, or private effort in the way of merciful deeds, or helpless love in the way of 'widow's mites,' should be done, and that speedily, to disabuse the work people of so miserable a misapprehension. At present they seem to me to be left in a state, wherein lamentations and tears are thrown aside as useless, but in which the lips are compressed for curses, and the hands clenched and ready to smite.

"I know nothing of Political Economy, or the theories of trade. I have tried to write truthfully; and if my accounts agree or clash with any system, the agreement or disagreement is unintentional.

"To myself the idea which I have formed of the state of feeling among too many of the factory-people in Manchester, and which I endeavored to represent in this tale (completed above a year ago,) has received some confirmation from the events which have so recently occurred among a similar class on the continent."

*Merry Mount. Munroe & Co. Boston. 1849.*

We alluded to this new American historical novel last month; it has since been published, and the name of the author, which does not appear on the title page, has leaked out. The author is Mr. T. Lothrop Motly, of Boston, brother-in-law of Park Benjamin, and author of another historical novel of a similar character, called *Morton's Hope*. The *Merry Mount* is Mount Wollaston, in Massachusetts, and the hero of the novel is Thomas Morton, the famous "Lord of Merry Mount." The time of the novel is in the early settlement of the Bay State, before Governor Winthrop came over, and the greater part of the characters are purely historical. Morton, the Merry Lord of Merry Mount, fares better in the hands of the novelist than he does in the narratives of the stern Puritans, who only looked upon him as a cantankerous roysterer, and not as a subject for picturesque delineation. There is much curious historical matter in *Merry Mount*, which will be likely to give it a more deeply interesting character in Massachusetts than it will have for other readers. As an example of the author's style of narrating past events and of description, we give the following extract describing the first General Court:

#### THE FIRST GENERAL COURT.

"It was the middle of October. An autumnal day, such as exists only in the western hemisphere, was shining upon Shawmut, or, as it must now be designated, Boston.

"The stately groves, which adorned without encumbering the picturesque peninsula, the scattered trees of colossal size which decorated its triple hills, wore the grotesque drapery of an American fall. Unlike the forests of the older world, which, thinly clad in their beggar-weeds of brown and russet, stand shivering and sighing in the dark and misty atmosphere, the monarchs of the western soil had arrayed themselves in robes of Tyrian purple and crimson, scarlet and gold, and like reckless revellers in some plague-struck city, attired in all their carnival bravery, and beneath a vault of crystal radiance, were awaiting the destroyer's stroke.—The recent pilgrims from the older world, wandered through these glowing and glittering woods with admiring eyes. The forests seemed like the subterranean groves with which the African enchanter charmed Aladdin, where rods of blossoming rubies, and boughs overlaid with topaz, emerald, sap-

phire, and diamonds, dazzled the eye with their luxuriant and intertangled magnificence, and where every footstep fell upon countless heaps of crushed but sparkling jewelry. Or, as the eye rested upon some hill, covered from base to summit with its radiant foliage, where every prismatic color seemed flung at random in one confused and gaudy mass, a vagrant fancy might have deemed it Nature's mighty palette, with all the blent and glaring colors wherewith she paints the rainbows, myriads of which seemed struggling and wreathing themselves through the forest branches to float in to the cloudless heavens.

"There is no power in language to represent, certainly not to exaggerate, the brilliancy of an American forest in autumn. The precise reason for the peculiarity which the foliage exhibits, has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but every species of tree and shrub seems to have a tint peculiar to itself. Upon that memorable morning, which may be called the birth-day of the Massachusetts metropolis, the woods which decorated the promontory, or covered the chain of hills which encircled it, were still virgin from the axe, and were robed in all their natural glory. The oak still retained his foliage undiminished, but every leaf, though green in the centre, was edged with scarlet, and spotted with purple; the sumac, bare and leafless, lifted its crimson crest; the grape vines hung around every cliff festoons of clustering coral; the red maple, first to be transfigured with the frost-arrow, stood with every leaf crimsoned in its blood; the hickory looked like a golden tree transplanted from some vegetable mine, as it displayed its long leaves of pale metallic yellow; the birch looked like a flaming torch, fit for the hand of autumn's goddess, when seeking through the world her ravished Proserpine; while mingled with and contrasting solemnly with all, the dark pines held on high their plumes of fadeless green.

"Such was the scenery which surrounded the infant village of Boston. Since the date of the last chapter, nearly all the inhabitants, accompanying the governor, most of the magistrates, and the minister, Mr. Wilson, had removed to the triple-headed peninsula, leaving only seventeen male inhabitants at the opposite promontory of Charlestown.

"Blaxton, who claimed the whole of Shawmut, both by grant and by occupation, had, however, himself invited the settlers thither, having been touched by their sufferings, and, as it then seemed, the inadequacy of their first location to supply their wants. He still dwelt at his hermitage, separated by the whole breadth of the peninsula from his new neighbors. His cottage, as we have already described, was placed upon the edge of the western cove, while the lowly church, the rude town house, the market place, and the thatched cabins which constituted the little village, were placed upon the eastern or seaward verge of the promontory, nestled beneath the commanding summit which was soon afterwards fortified upon one side, and protected from the northern gales by the tall cliff which rose upon the other, and which still holds the ancient tombs of the Pilgrims.

"The first general court had been that day held at the new metropolis. It was an assembly of all the freemen of the corporation in person. The rude town hall, where they had been gathered, stood where now stands that respectable edifice, which having been successively state house, city hall, and post office, has at last retired in its old age from public employments, and devoted itself to private affairs. The thatched and humble church where Wilson ministered stood nearly opposite; while around the open field between, which served as a market place for the little village, and which accommodated their pillory, stocks and whipping post, were clustered the mud wall cabins where the settlers had established themselves, in anticipation of the coming winter.

"A stream of solemn visaged personages had poured out at last from the rude capitol. The court was over, but many stragglers, in their steeple crowned hats and sad-colored garments, loitered about the agora, or, accompanied by their demure wives, were wandering among the primitive groves which covered the greater portion of the peninsula.

"A good deal of earnest conversation was going on among the loiterers in the public square. Besides many very important matters of a purely political nature which had been discussed, several topics had been broached at the general court, which threatened to sow the seeds of future dissension among the colonists. The great points of the compatibility of offices, whether ruling elders should be magistrates, and the reverse, whether the political influence of the ministers required enlargement or contraction, whether the civil power was justified in punishing breaches of the first table, and many other kindred topics had been touched upon in the town hall, and were discussed with great fervor by the straggling parties who were still sauntering in the October sunshine.

"Several respectable individuals, among whom might have been observed Goodman Faunce, with his friends,



Jonathan Jellet and Peter Pid, stood under a mighty oak which spread its rainbow foliage over half the square.

"Being all freemen, they had of course been present at the general court, the regular organization of the assembly requiring the personal attendance of all those who were free of the corporation, until the increasing members, a few years later, required the introduction of the representative system.

"The general court was in reality the only legislative body under the charter, although the court of assistants, which had been designed by that instrument to wield only executive and judicial functions, and already begun, by a patriarchal assumption of authority, to exercise the law-making power of its own will. So little of the democratic element, however, seems to have existed at that early day in Massachusetts, that this usurpation on the part of the magistrates, unconscious as it almost seems to have been, excited no jealousy upon the part of the freemen, to whom the legislative power exclusively belonged, and at this very first general court, holden at Boston, it had been unanimously voted, by simple erection of hands, that 'in future the freemen should choose the assistants, by whom the governor and deputy should be chosen from among themselves, and that, furthermore, the said governor, deputy, and assistants should have full power to make the laws, and to choose officers to execute the same.' Such a quiet and voluntary abdication of political power on the part of the popular body in favor of their rulers, is unexampled, and speaks volumes in favor of the patriarchal, pure and unambitious characters of those early rulers. How often in the world's history has such unlimited power been placed in a few hands, and been restored without a struggle, and without the faintest attempt to establish a regular and unlimited oligarchy!"

*The Forgery. A Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper and Brothers. 1848.*

ANOTHER novel from Mr. James! Closely but clearly printed with fine type in double columns of 150 pages! One book of this size is enough for one man to produce in a life time, but Mr. James has produced scores upon scores of such volumes. He will have a good deal to answer for when he goes to his long account,—a mountain of waste paper. Although Mr. James is a popular novel writer beyond a cavil, yet we do not believe that ever his name will be known to the readers of the next century. There is nothing to remember him by. There never was a writer so devoid of points as James. His style is as colorless as water. He writes grammatically and that is all that can be said about it. He has not created one character, nor the shadow of one; his whole works, from beginning to end, do not contain a thought nor anything that has the semblance of one; they do not contain an abstract truth, although they contain a good many facts; he cannot even be called a thinking machine, for there is no evidence that he has ever done any thinking, nor can he be called a writing machine, for he employs an amanuensis; for our own part we had never believed that there was such a person as James, notwithstanding his immense number of initials, until we saw a letter from him in which he alluded to his son. We always thought that James was a *nomme de plume* made use of by publishers to prefix to works which were got up to order on a given model. They contain no individualities, and therefore we cannot understand how they can be the work of an individual. But they are not; Mr. James is only a generality; he is not anybody in particular, and when he ceases to breathe he will cease to exist; he is no more a man than his coat, vest and pantaloons are a man; he is simply an accident.

There are people who sit regularly down to a James novel and read it through, but how they do it is entirely beyond our conception. Whether they begin in the middle and read first to the beginning and then to the end, or at the end and read to the beginning; or at the beginning and so on to the end we know not; it probably makes no difference. The first sentence in the novel before us is the following:

"One of the finest characters in the world was the old English merchant."

What could be expected from a book that made such a hopeless beginning? A book that sets out with an inanity must close with a platitude, and be nothing more than a succession of platitudes. Opening the book at random we came upon chapter XIV, which commences in this dismal manner:

"Human life is a strange thing, consider it in what way we will. Strip it of all factitious adjuncts, and leave it bare and bald, as a mere loan for sixty or seventy years of sensations, feelings, thoughts, hopes, expectations, still it is strange; very strange; but man has made it stranger."

Now, if there be anybody who wonders how James contrives to turn out so many novels, it may readily be seen from the above sample of unmeaning twattle, how easily a score or two of volumes of such stuff might be woven together by a man who had no more conscience than to commit such an act. Another chapter begins thus and continues a long while in the same strain of dreary common place.

"To retread one's steps is always a difficult and very often a most unpleasant task, as every one must have felt, who has left his note-book at home, and had to go back for it."

Here is the commencement of Chapter XXXI:

"If one could really be a spectator of what is passing in the world around us without taking part in the events, or sharing in the passions and actual performance on the stage: if we could set ourselves down, as it were, in a private box of the world's great theatre, and quietly look on at the piece that is playing, no more moved than is absolutely implied by sympathy with our fellow-creatures, what a curious, what an amusing, what an interesting spectacle would life present."

To show the trickery by which Mr. G. P. R. James splices out his interminable novels we have italicised the unnecessary members of the above wholly unnecessary sentence.—The sentence contains 78 words of which 61 are entirely unnecessary to the expression of his idea, if idea it can be called, and which serve only to lengthen out the book and weary the reader.

*Songs of the Sea, with other Poems. By Epes Sargent. Second Edition. Boston. 1848.*

MR. SARGENT is one of the two or three Americans who have written a singable song. His "Life on the Ocean Wave," is one of the most popular little vocalized pieces of the day, and, like Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright," having had the good fortune to be set to easily chaunted tones will be remembered for many years to come; but neither of these songs have sufficient poetical merit to cause them to be remembered without the air to which it has been married. But, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of a song is in the singing; and these songs are therefore entitled to the praise of being called good songs.

"A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds the revels keep."

We have enjoyed a good deal of life at sea, and have a strong sympathy for every one who loves the ocean and has felt its spray and been tossed upon its turbulent surface. But we cannot make out the meaning of the third line in the first stanza of Mr. Sargent's song. What kind of an idea did he mean to convey by the raving of the scattered waters? We have tried in vain with all our salt water recollections to make something out of it. The other lines of the song are spirited, smooth and appropriate, and suggest feelings

which all who have bounded in good health and with light hearts over the ocean can readily understand.

There are much better things in the volume than this song, but none so well known. Mr. Sargent is a gentleman of most amiable manners, but he is not one of those men by themselves whom the world distinguishes by the title of poet. He has written many graceful and readable verses, and the fact that his collected poems have passed to a second edition proves that he has many readers.

*The Matron's Manual.* By Frederick Hollick, M. D. New York: T. W. Strong. 1848.

THIS book belongs to a class whose name is legion, of which we can do no more than simply to indicate its character and commend the style of its publication. Its merits must be pronounced upon by professional authority, for if such books are necessary at all it is necessary that they should be technically correct; an error of ignorance would lead to disastrous consequences. We have not the least squeamishness in respect to such publications, and are very far from believing that physiological knowledge can be half so harmful as physiological ignorance. If the knowledge of good and evil was once forbidden it is not so now, and we would be happy to see all scientific knowledge made popular and enticing. People are good just in proportion to their knowledge, and all knowledge is useful. But science and evil are still considered convertible terms by a portion of mankind as they were when to be learned in the workings of natural causes gained a man the reputation of being leagued with the powers of darkness, and generally led to his destruction by those who feared his power.

*The American Almanac.* Little & Brown. Boston. 1849.

ALMANACS are not, properly considered, the kind of books which should be reviewed in the literary department of a magazine, but there is so much to commend in the American Almanac, it is so filled with useful information, and is in all points so much of a model almanac, that we depart from our ordinary plan in calling attention to it. The price of it is a dollar, which is greatly beyond the usual prices of almanacs, but it is worth more than the difference. We extract from the American Almanac the following curious particulars in reference to the "ice trade" of this country:

"The freights of this trade are, perhaps, greater than any other in the world, inasmuch as the article shipped is of no value, except that incident to labor and machinery. The freight paid on the 74,478 tons shipped in 1847 from Boston, is estimated at \$2 50 per ton, or \$186,195, and the value of the ice \$2 per ton, \$146,956. There were also shipped in ice from Boston by cargoes, of perishable materials, valued at \$72,500, which could not have been taken to market without the ice. To all this may be added \$100,000 for profits to those engaged in the ice trade, and we have a return to the country of \$507,651. The ice thus shipped is the outward cargoes of vessels seeking freights, thus enabling them to make a profitable voyage, and, at the same time, affording this luxury to the South at a small price. In the early part of the ice trade, the manner of fitting vessels was very complicated, and consisted in forming an air-tight chamber inside the hold of the vessel, filling the space between the chamber and the ship's side with tan, shavings, &c. The process is now made very simple, and a layer of saw-dust between the ice and the ceiling of the ship is the only protection. The saw-dust used at Boston is brought from Maine, and no less than 4600 cords of wood were used in 1847, at a cost of \$2 50 per cord.

"The price at which ice is sold to the consumer, varies very much. At Havana, where it is a monopoly, it costs 6½ cents; at New Orleans, 1, 2 and 3 cents, which has stimulated the consumption to 28,000 tons in 1847, against 2310 in 1832. At Calcutta the price has not been over 6 cents per pound, and is now 2½ cents. The consumption of ice in Boston and vicinity for 1847, was 27,000 tons, costing the consumers \$72,000, and yielding a profit to seven

houses, which supply the market, of \$18,135. The capacity of the store-houses for the ice was, in 1847, equal to 141,332 tons, exclusive of those at Charlestown and East Boston, where temporary deposits are made."

*Model Women and Children.* By Horace Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS pleasant little book is a companion to the one by the same author, which we noticed last month, called "Model Men." The models are of the same character, humorous and, in some instances, sad, as witness the following extract from the Model Actress:

"She rises very early. Her first thought is to look at the newspaper, and see if her name is mentioned in the criticism of the new piece. Not a word! She dresses very quickly, and takes her breakfast standing, studying her 'new part' all the while. At ten she is in the theatre, in a black atmosphere, ruled with long white lines of daylight, pouring down from the different skylights. The whole place is redolent of cobwebs, orange-peel, and the stale smoke of last night's blue fire. She attends the reading of a new play.—She then listens to the 'cutting' of the new piece, and proceeds to the rehearsal of it. Her 'part' is clipped to two lines: still she does not murmur, but is secretly thankful it is not taken out altogether. She waits behind the scenes, lingering about the musty corridors till one o'clock, when there is a general rehearsal of the grand new burlesque. The manageress, however, does not arrive till two—then the properties are not ready, the daubs of scenes are not set, the stage manager has 'just stepped round the corner' (a delicate figure for the public house, very popular in theatres,) and the young author is flirting in front with one of the ballet girls. At last the rehearsal begins. Each dance is repeated two or three times, the military ones especially; and the author is very proud of his jokes and will not have them murdered. This makes it four o'clock before the rehearsal is over. The actress rushes up stairs to see about her dress; this is a matter of great importance, and half an hour soon flies before the looking-glass. As she is running out of the theatre, she is called back by the musical conductor 'to try over her song quietly by herself.' So she leaves the theatre almost as the box-keepers are coming into it, too lucky if she is not detained at the door by a loud cry of 'Ladies and gents, the last act, if you please, once more.' She gets away, however, before the big chandelier is lighted, astonished to find the sun is shining in the streets.

"She runs home and sinks in an arm-chair, quite worn and spiritless. The dinner is cold; she has no appetite; she longs to sleep, but is afraid to lie down. Besides, she has not a moment to lose. She has to get perfect in her new part, to try on her new dress (she dresses and undresses about ten times a day,) to arrange her hair, sew some ribbons on to her cap, and be at the theatre again a little before seven.

"Then the business of her day commences. She is an empress in the first piece, blazing with mock diamonds, drinking 'property' champagne, and giving away millions of tin roubles. She is a saucy maid in the farce, with her gay cap, boxing her mistresses' ears, and being kissed, alternately, by the smart groom, the young captain, the old uncle, and the Yorkshire coachman. She is the Fairy Barley-sugarina in the last piece, and has to dance, and sing negro songs, and fight a grand sword combat for ten minutes, and to dress up in hussar, Amazonian, and policemen's clothes; besides being suspended by a rope in the last scene. It is full one o'clock before the performances are over. She has to undress and dress again, and to see the stage manager before going, probably to be reprimanded for her petticoats not being short enough. She gets home between one and two. It is too late for supper. The beer is flat; the fire is out; and she is too glad to get into bed. She is in a hurry to sleep, and yet cannot. The 'bravos' keep ringing in her ears, and the manager's reprimand worries her. She lays awake thinking of to-morrow, for there is generally a 'call' at ten, and she is afraid of not being up, so that sleep comes slowly to her heavy eyelids.

"This is the life of the Model Actress in the summer time. It is not pleasant then, but it is worse in the winter. The hot-house then is changed into an ice-well. The stage, with its numerous side-scenes, traps, and staircases, is one immense collection of draughts, as if they had been put there purposely, like those in a chemist's shop, to benefit the doctors. The little fire in the green-room is blocked up by big men, in low necks and fleshings, just as cold as herself. She shivers in a corner, with an old shawl round her shoulders. She has a cough probably; and a thin gauze dress, with spangles, is not the best thing to cure it.

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



FOR the past few weeks the prevailing topic of the month has been that very peculiar epidemic, the California Fever. It has carried off hundreds of victims daily, and many others are lingering, only because they haven't funds enough to join in the fun. Sober, gray haired old men, whose wives would willingly testify to their perfect tameness during a long series of years, have suddenly

became nearly wild, and have formed among themselves social committees of ways and means for reaching the mines and overreaching any who might "have confidence" in their journeys. Striplings, who have always been "at home from seven in the morning to nine in the evening," retailing tape and silks, and inspecting materials for ladies' dresses, have stopped folding up gowns and doubled the cape, while courageous, high-spirited youths, who owed no man a cent and certainly feared not any danger, have, on the first approach of the enemy, run with all possible speed and left the country. Transient vessels, whose duty had previously called them everywhere, have been transformed into ships of the line, and slow brigs, useless sloops, rotten schooners and dismantled barques have instantaneously been endowed with most extraordinary powers of locomotion. And all this because people have been endeavoring most industriously to root out the root of all evil. But, soberly speaking, this same California is most unquestionably a great country; great in internal resources, great in mineral wealth, great in commercial promise, and great in extent of territory. As an addendum to the United States it is of immense value, and occupying as it does a most important geographical position must increase our maritime interests on the Pacific. Under such circumstances does it not become us to look after the interests of our own country, though they are far far away. Now we don't exactly like to say that we are touched by the prevailing sickness, yet we *are* going to California.—Probably before this paragraph has been read we shall be on our winding way to San Francisco. And why shouldn't we go? Our Magazine is now firmly established, in a most flourishing and prosperous condition, and we feel inclined to hunt up new sources of inspiration, from whose springs to draw new thoughts for our many readers. We wish to form for ourselves an opinion of the merits of this mania, and shall take care to inform our readers of everything in progress in the gold region. We shall, after arriving there, furnish a series of articles which cannot but be interesting from their locality, and hope our correspondence will be another feature among our features tending to increase the general good feeling which exists toward us. Every department of the Magazine will be conducted in precisely the same manner as heretofore, and preparations have been made which will, when consummated, add very much to our attractions. The

first of our articles will be given to the public as soon as personal observation will allow us to commence, and may be inserted in the May No. of the Magazine. We could be somewhat prosy and prate of the dangers and terrors of a voyage to the uttermost ends of the earth, but as steam vessels now-a-days annihilate space and curtail the romance of travelling very essentially, we shall defer the article till our return. We hope soon to date our dispatches from "near San Francisco" instead of "office of Holden's Magazine," and, perchance, on our return next year, may call round and see the King of Timbuctoo for a few moments, dine with the Khan of Tartary if we can, offer the Sultan of Turkey a pinch of rappee, touch noses with the Emperor of Russia, and come home by the way of Greenland and vicinity. If we do we shall give our experiences, entitled, perhaps, "A Tour through Europe, Asia and Africa, including a residence of some duration at the Courts of the monarchical governments of the world, with an episode touching the prevalence of infectious diseases." But as we make a practice never to anticipate anything, especially when going to a new country, we shall wait till we know positively what to say about the region toward which "the star of empire takes its way.".....We have given for a frontispiece this month, another American view, but a very different one from that in the January number; it is a view of Oregon City at the mouth of the Oregon river. This new city, which promises to be a fine flourishing town, and to be a commercial depot of great importance, is likely to be completely forgotten while the thoughts of our people are directed to California and San Francisco. This latter town, formerly called Yerba Buena, bids fair to become the commercial metropolis of the west coast of the American continent. It has one of the finest harbors in the world, it is at the mouth of the largest river in California, and is in the immediate vicinity of the gold diggings. The imagination could hardly exaggerate the future greatness of San Francisco. The whole history of the acquisition of California, the romantic expedition of Captain Fremont, the conquest of the country, and the discovery of the gold mines is a chapter of romance hardly paralleled in the annals of nations. ....THE gold diggings, and gold, gold, gold have been the chief topical treasure of the month, but not the only one. There have been other things to think about, to talk about and write about. The appearance of the cholera had just begun to fill the minds of the people with apprehensions and dread, when the fear of that calamity was averted, and in a great measure the disease itself, by the intense excitement about the gold. ....THE daily and weekly papers have, during the last month, been filled with eulogy run mad on Whipple's essays, two large volumes of his writings having been published, the gatherings of his contributions to the North American and other Reviews.—What degree of truth there may be in these eulogies we have no other means of judging than from the internal evidence which they display of the ability and honesty of their writers; the latter we have no right to question, but the former is all in all in such matters. We have never read one of Mr. Whipple's reviews or essays, although we must confess to having dipped into one or two without being enticed to go further; of course we cannot pretend to judge of his merits, therefore. One of his reviewers, who seems to have lost his reason, or, at least, his power of reasoning, if he ever possessed such a power, by the study of Mr. Whipple's essays, and has poured out a perfect torrent of incoher-



ent and senseless extravagance in praise of his favorite author. After saying that the diction of Mr. Whipple is "more than felicitous," he winds up by saying, "we might and could find fault with his style." So that it appears a style which is more than felicitous is still faulty. The praiser of Whipple says:

"We commend Mr. Whipple, then, for his connection with the actual world, with its business and its bustle; and we trust that it is a connection which he will continue to maintain. We trust, also, that his connection with the actual world may as surely bring him fortune, as his connection with the ideal one will bring him fame."

The actual world here alluded to is the unsubstantialities of an insurance office, a mere brokerage business, while the actualities, or, as it is called by the writer, the ideal, are the great realities of philosophy and science, the only actualities, in fact, in the world. The man who has so contemptible an opinion of the importance of literature as to rank it beneath the little affairs of the exchange should never be permitted to express an opinion on literary matters, as they are manifestly subjects beyond his comprehension. Among the "splendid" passages which he quotes from Mr. Whipple is the following:

"It is impossible to cast even a careless glance over the literature of the last thirty years, without perceiving the prominent station occupied by critics, reviewers and essayists. Criticism, in the old days of *Monthly Reviews* and *Gentlemen's Magazines*, was quite an humble occupation, and was chiefly monopolized by the 'barren rascals' of letters, who scribbled, sinned and starved in attics and cellars; but it has since been almost exalted into a creative art, and numbers among its professors some of the most accomplished writers of the age. Dennis, Rhymers, Winstanley, Theophilus Cibber, Griffiths, and other 'eminent hands,' as well as the nameless contributors to defunct periodicals and deceased pamphlets, have departed, body and soul, and left not a wreck behind; and their places have been supplied by such men as Coleridge, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lamb, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Wilson, Gifford, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Campbell, Talfourd and Brougham. Indeed, every celebrated writer of the present century, without, it is believed a solitary exception, has dabbled or excelled in criticism. It has been the road to fame and profit, and has commanded both applause and guineas, when the unfortunate objects of it have been blessed with neither. Many of the strongest minds of the age will leave no other record behind them, than critical essays and popular speeches. To those who have made criticism a business, it has led to success in other professions. The *Edinburgh Review*, which took the lead in the establishment of the new order of things, was projected in a lofty attic by two briefless barristers and a titheless parson; the former are now lords, and the latter is a snug prebendary, rejoicing in the reputation of being the divinest wit and wittiest divine of the age. That celebrated journal made reviewing more respectable than authorship. It was started at a time when the degeneracy of literature demanded a radical reform, and a sharp vein of criticism. Its contributors were men who possessed talents and information, and so far held a slight advantage over most of those they reviewed, who did not happen to possess either. Grab-at-Quarterly quaked to its foundation, as the Northern comet shot its portentous glare into the dark alleys where bathos and puerility buzzed and hived. The citizens of Brussels, on the night previous to Waterloo, were hardly more terror-struck than the vast array of fated authors who, every three months, waited the appearance of the baleful luminary, and, starting at every sound which betokened its arrival, 'Whispered with white lips, the foe; it comes! it comes!'"

This is the veriest twattle, as destitute of elegance as it is of vigor and truth. It is a very wishy-washy imitation of Macaulay; a mere rigmarole of words. It contains some facts but no truths. Mr. Whipple, to make out his position that criticism is a more dignified employment now than it was in the "old days of *Monthly Reviews* and *Gentlemen's Magazines*," gives the following list of the old reviewers: "Dennis, Rhymers, Winstanley, T. Cibber, and Griffiths," and contrasts them with "Coleridge, Carlyle, Hazlitt," &c. &c. But Mr. Whipple makes no mention of those critics

of the "old days," Addison, Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Smollet, Goldsmith, Johnson, who were all regular reviewers and wrote criticisms for the literary periodicals of the day. Criticism has become, perhaps, more of a trade, than it once was, but it has certainly gained nothing in dignity, during the past thirty years. We doubt that the reviews of either Jeffrey, Brougham, Macaulay, Gifford, or Talfourd will be read thirty years hence. . . . . DURING the holiday season a great variety of books, some small and some large, some with pictures and some without, were published as Gift books; among them was a new poem by J. R. Lowell, called the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, which, though neither an illustrated volume, nor a large one, yet contained a greater amount of tender poetry and Christian feeling than we have before seen crowded into so small a space. Sir Launfal was a knight who went in search of the "Holy Grail,"—the cup out of which our blessed Lord drank the wine at his last supper. The story is founded on the mythological tale of the ancient Romans, respecting the loss of the *San Greal* or the holy cup, said to have been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea. This cup was regarded as the very one out of which Jesus drank at the last supper with his disciples, and having been lost in consequence of the neglect, in point of purity of thought, word and deed of its keepers, it became an object of great interest with the knights of the Round Table to find it. The poem relates how Sir Launfal, by a vision, discovered the holy cup in his own castle. After many wanderings and trials the knight returns to his castle.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,  
For it was just at the Christmas time;  
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
In the light and warmth of long ago;  
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,  
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
He can count the camels in the sun,  
As over the red-hot sands they pass  
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,  
And with its own self like an infant played,  
And waved its signal of palms.

'For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;'  
The happy camels may reach the spring,  
But Sir Launfal sees nought save the grewsome thing,  
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone  
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, 'I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the tree;  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorn—  
And to thy life were not denied  
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:  
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;  
Behold, through him, I give to thee!'

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes  
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he  
Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
He had flung an alms to leprosie,  
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail  
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust ;  
 He parted in twain his single crust ;  
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
 And gave the leper to eat and drink ;  
 'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—  
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,  
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

WHAT a poverty of imagination, what a miserable sterility of invention is shown by our countrymen in their nomenclature of men, towns and magazines. We once took the trouble of numbering the different towns and counties in the Union of the same name, and the result of our labors caused us to blush for the poverty of ideas manifested by our countrymen ; we boast not a little of our inventive genius as applied to machinery, but we cannot lay claim to the least inventive power as applied to names. In all Europe there is but one London and one Paris ; in this country we have dozens of each ; we have some hundred and sixty Washingtons, nearly as many Jacksons, and fifty or sixty Jeffersons. In naming public houses we show the same poverty of invention : the Tremont House in Boston was most appropriately called, as Boston is said to be a trimontane city, and the street upon which the hotel fronts is called " Tremont." No sooner was the house named, however, than Tremont Houses sprang into existence all over the country ; there is a Tremont House on Broadway, once called the " Varick House," after the former owner, a mayor of the city. It is but two or three months since the Messrs. Howard, after trying a long while for a name for their new hotel which had never before been used, happily hit upon the " Irving House." It was an excellent name, and although it could not be copy-righted, it belonged of right to the gentlemen who first thought of applying it to a hotel. But scarcely was this announcement made, than another house on Broadway was opened and called the Irving Restaurant, and another just above it called the Irving Rooms. This is robbing one of his good name with a vengeance. When Mr. Greeley started the Tribune that name had never been applied to a newspaper, and now there are Tribunes all over the Union ; there is one in Portland, another in Chicago, and another in Mobile. So in regard to ships ; if a merchant happens to hit upon a good name for his vessel it is sure of being copied by all sorts of crafts. The Great Western steamship was called after the Great Western railroad from London to Bristol, and was very appropriately named, although the name itself is without significance. No sooner, however, did that steamship make her appearance in our waters than all sorts of craft were named after her ; several large steamboats on our inland waters were called Great Western, and even men and women called themselves Great Westerns. Since our " Dollar Magazine" has proved so successful an enterprise, other publishers, who had never dreamed of such a thing before, immediately issued prospectuses for dollar magazines. When Porter started his paper in this city called the Spirit of the Times, he invented a title which was his own private property, as much so as though he had dug it out of the earth, or hauled it out of the sea, and he should have been allowed the sole use of it, but straightway somebody publishes a Spirit of the Times in Philadelphia, another is started in Batavia in this State, and other Spirits in other places immediately crawled into being. Such appropriations of other men's ideas is downright dishonesty, and shows a lamentable looseness of feeling respecting the rights of others. Dickens struck a most happy vein when he wrote his first Christmas story, the Christmas Carol in prose,

but he was not permitted to enjoy his discovery undisturbed ; almost every author in England, seeing his success, directly began writing a Christmas story ; in this country there have been but few written, because Christmas here is a very different day from Christmas in England. It is there a high national solemnity consecrated by old superstitions, rites and traditions ; but with us it is only an excuse for merry making, and is observed but by a small portion of the people. In Boston there was a tailor who opened a clothing store in an old oak house in Ann street, which he called " Oak Hall," and being a very shrewd Yankee, and understanding the value of an advertisement, by means of extensively advertising his place of business, he made a fortune, and Oak Hall became a celebrity. A New York clothier, seeing that Oak Hall had become renowned in Boston, has called his shop, in Fulton street, Oak Hall, not seeing that no name can be famous twice. It is rarely that a name is repeated in England, and when it is, there is a prefix or an addition which prevents confusion, as *New Castle upon Tyne*, or *Stratford upon Avon*, &c. In England the towns at the entrance of the rivers, in many cases, are called after the rivers, with the word *mouth* added, they being at the mouth of the river, as *Weymouth*, *Falmouth*, *Yarmouth*, *Teignmouth*, &c. ; but all these names have been reproduced in New England without any reference to their fitness. Owners of ships and topographical engineers are not generally men of much imagination, and may, therefore, be pardoned for now and then borrowing a name from a neighbor, but editors of newspapers and magazines, who have not mental activity sufficient to enable them to invent a name for their publications, had better attempt a different line of business in which an inventive faculty is not essential to success.—What's in a name, says Shakspeare, but there is a right of property in a name at least, if nothing more, and a name that is worth borrowing, is worth having by the original owner. We saw it stated in a foreign paper, a short time since, that a Syrian, residing at Malta, having written an Arabic poem, and dedicated it to the Bey of Tunis, his Highness sent a vessel of war to convey the poet to Tunis, where he made him a present of two thousand dollars. Now here is something that may be imitated, but these are just the kind of acts that nobody ever thinks of imitating. If we thought his Excellency, President Polk, would imitate his brother potentate of Tunis we would write a poem and dedicate it to him right off. Speaking of this matter of name-stealing reminds us of something we saw in *Punch* a short time since, in reference to the scamp who made copies of some etchings by the Queen and Prince Albert, and attempted to publish them, but was prohibited by an order from the Court of Chancery. *Punch* says : " To return to the Windsor thieves. The pillory is gone. That venerable piece of timber (the very heart of British oak) has been cut down by levellers. Otherwise, the folks concerned in the plate robbery would surely have been doomed to twirl their hour. In which case they would, no doubt, have been pelted for their evil doings. And yet who—pondering the prettiness they have brought to light—who would have cast at them aught heavier than sugar-plums—aught dirtier than custards ? Again ; we recognise another good in the larceny. Prince Albert has been in Chancery. The Queen and the Prince now personally feel what it is to be robbed, pillaged, pirated. Will they then do their best to push on an international law of copy-right with our kinds friends in America, who live by robbing 'us youth,' and against whose wickedness there is not even the forlorn hope of the Vice-Chancellor ?" ..... HERE is another something to be imitated. Adin Ballou tells the following anecdote : " A

worthy old colored woman in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted, to hear her fret at his trick, and to enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, 'God forgive you, my son, as I do.' It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt condemned, ashamed and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error; thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, 'God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again!' ..... THE following irreverent story, which we cannot credit to any known authority, will not offend any one, we hope:

**EXPOSING THE PARSON.**—A minister was one Sabbath day examining the Sunday school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, about thirteen years of age, who occasionally assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting on customers. 'What is your name?' said the parson. No reply. 'What is your name?' he repeated, in a more peremptory manner. 'None of your fun, Mr. Minister,' said the girl. 'You know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night: 'Bet, bring me some more ale?' The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

Hood's poem of the Golden Leg of Miss Killmansegg seems to have been written with a prophetic allusion to the present age of gold; the following speaks the condition of nearly all the inhabitants of California:

#### THE GOLDEN AGE.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!  
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,  
Gold to give, and gold to lend.

And reversions of gold in futuro,  
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd,  
Himself and wife and sons so bold;—  
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold  
"O bella etia del' oro!"

Gold! and gold! and nothing but gold!  
The same auriferous shrine behold  
Wherever the eye could settle!  
On the wall—the sideboard—the ceiling sky—  
On the gorgeons footmen standing by,  
In coats to delight a minor's eye  
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! the new and the old!  
The company ate and drank from gold,  
They revell'd, they sang, and were merry,  
And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,  
And toasted "the lass with the golden hair,"  
In a bumper of golden sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rain'd on the nurse,  
Who, unlike Danae, was none the worse;  
There was nothing but guineas glistening!  
Fifty were given to Doctor James,  
For calling the little baby names,  
And for saying, Amen?  
The Clerk had ten,  
And that was the end of the christening.

We forget the source whence the following interesting facts, relating to the true sources of our national wealth, were derived:

"The able editor of the 'Plough, the Loom and the Anvil' has written a letter to the Baltimore American, in which he urges the necessity of greater accuracy in taking the census. He quotes the remark of Professor Tucker, that the

census, as now taken, omits several products of industry, whose aggregate value would make no insignificant addition to the total amount. Among these are, 1. The blades of Indian corn fodder for horses and Indian corn fodder for horses and cattle, and which, estimating twenty pounds for every bushel of grain, amounts to 3,775,000 tons, worth \$37,000,000. 2. Peas and beans. 3. Flaxseed. 4. Broom corn. 5. Sumac. 6. Honey. 7. Feathers. There is no reason perceptible why the tops and 'shucks' of corn should not be taken into the account as well as the blades, since the shucks are esteemed among farmers more nutritious and valuable for cattle—though to determine that point, they have never been analysed by the government, under the eye of the Chief Magistrate, as cotton has been; nor is it likely that they ever will, unless by some chance they should attract the notice of the government, by being suspected to offer a more economical means of destroying human life than the 'villainous compound.' In that case, an examination, at the public expense, of all the qualities of the corn shuck would at once become lawful and laudable, while the platform of the constitution is not wide enough to admit of its analysis by public authority in any view to its agricultural relations. It is also suggested that mules and horses should not be given under the same head, and that exact returns should be obtained, with reference to the growth of sheep and wool. Mr. Skinner adds: 'In the first number of the Plough, the Loom and the Anvil, is a letter from the largest woollen manufacturer in the United States, who says that there is not annually raised in the Union wool enough by 10,000,000 of pounds, to meet the demands of the manufacturer; and he adds that he can point out articles made of wool now imported, that will require thirty millions of pounds of a medium and fine quality to supply the consumption.'"

**NEW IDEA OF LIFE.**—A posthumous work of Coleridge, the poet, has recently been published, called "The Idea of Life," which has thus been commented upon by Punch:

We see a new work, advertised under the honored name of S. T. Coleridge, entitled *The Idea of Life*. Now, we want to know which Idea of Life this is? There are so many Ideas of Life!

There is the Politician's Idea of Life—a good cry, a quiet constituency, a friendly newspaper, and a permanent place.

There is the Young Lady's Idea of Life—pleasant balls, eligible offers, a good settlement, a place in the *Morning Post*, and a "fashionable circle" to move in.

There is the Man About Town's Idea of Life—a dog-cart, a cab, and a park hack, the *entree* of the conlisses, tick at a tailor's, a good "tap" of Havannas, the right club, and a bowing acquaintance with everybody.

There is the Gent's Idea of Life, a vernacular version of the last—a seat on a drag to Epsom, a lark with "the gals" at the Casino, a "stunning" choker, Greenwich Fair regularly, a latch-key, and a good-natured mother, to stand between her boy and the Governor, and "tip" now and then.

There is the Actor's Idea of Life, in which the great business of the world is Green room squabbles, and its great pleasure assisting in actors' triumphs.

There is the Servant Girl's Idea of Life—one long day out with "the journeyman."

There is the Schoolboy's Idea of Life—no lessons and free access to an inexhaustible cake-shop.

There is the Pauper's Idea of Life—dreary.

The Laborer's Idea of Life—blank.

The Clergyman's Idea of Life—decorous.

The Attorney's Idea of Life—shrewd.

The Doctor's Idea of Life—deadly.

And there is *our* Idea of Life, which takes in all these.

And no doubt S. T. Coleridge's takes in ours. And, no doubt, somebody's takes in his.

Good Gracious! *The Idea of Life!* There must be as many as there are beings to form them. We haven't an idea how many ideas there may be on the subject. *The idea book!*—the idea is perfectly ridiculous.

THE following epigram on Horace Greeley appeared in the "Nation," a new weekly paper recently started in New York by T. D'Arcy Magher, the Irish patriot. The epigram is not very epigrammatic:

#### ON H—G—S GOING TO CONGRESS.

"In the next Congress, who do you think will be best Of the orators?" said I, to a star of the West.  
As to Webster and Calhoun, they're gone to decay;  
Old Adams is dead, and there's no seat for Clay.  
Quoth he, 'H—G— will have most to say:  
In the *Tribune*, he'll be the chief man every day.'



**EMILE DE GIRARDIN.**—This eminent French editor, who is one of the most powerful of the political writers of the Parisian press, is thus accounted for by the London Atlas:

"M. de Girardin, of the *Presse*, seems to have taken for his motto, ever since his entrance into life, '*La bourse ou la vie!*' His pistol has been at everybody's head for the last fifteen years. It is to this bandit spirit of attack that he owes his fortune, his position, the very name he bears. He was brought up in mysterious obscurity, ignorant of his parentage, under a vulgar and trivial name; knowing no other friend than the *notaire* who paid the expense of the school where he had been placed, and to whom he was conducted once a year to give proof that he was still alive, and the pension to be continued. At the age of sixteen, his studies were completed, and he passed his examination with great *eclat*, and he was then sent for by the *notaire*, who told him that those who took interest in his welfare had resolved that he should follow the study of the law, and had made every arrangement for him to that effect.

"And who are those who take an interest in me?" exclaimed young Lecomte (for this is the name by which he was then known; 'tell me this moment who I am, and what is my father's name?' 'I know not, in truth,' returned the *notaire*, in a sneering tone. 'Here is that will refresh your memory,' returned the young man, drawing from his pocket a loaded pistol, which he pointed to the head of the startled *notaire*, who, after a few moments' parley, was only too glad to give up the name of Count Alexandre de Girardin as the person by whom the money had been paid into his hands for the education and nourishment of young Lecomte. It is said that on that very day, and by the very same means, did Emile de Girardin obtain acknowledgment of his claims by the General, who, evidently pleased by this indication of spirit on the part of his son, allowed him to bear his name and to share his fortune. From that hour has the life of Emile de Girardin been a scene of strife and warfare with his enemies, his rivals, nay, his very friends, and all the world besides; while the *Presse* has been made the battering ram to destroy the reputations of men of talent and the lives of men of honor. It is believed that a duel between this man and Gen. Cavaignac is inevitable.

**BOSTON LATIN SCHOOLS.**—The Common Schools of Massachusetts are famous all the world over; they have become so from the characters of the men they have turned out upon the world, and are justly celebrated for their excellence and the liberality with which they have been conducted.—We read an account a short time since of a visit paid by Queen Victoria to the famous school of Harrow, where she saw, among the names of the boys, two of her own Prime Ministers, besides the names of Canning, Byron, and other greater men who have added lustre to the annals and literature of Great Britain. If she were to visit the Boston Latin School she might there find the names of Boston boys who, in after life, became famous Englishmen. The following list of eminent names, who gained the rudiments of their education at the Boston Latin School, we copy from a Cincinnati paper:

"Isaac Coffin, an Admiral of the White in the British Navy, and also a member of the British Parliament.

"Sir David Ochterlony, a Lieut. General in the British Army, and Knight of the Bath. He died at an advanced age in the East Indies.

"Hugh Mackay Gordon, Major General in the British Army, also died in the East Indies.

"Sir Scrope Bernard Morland, a member of the British Parliament. He also received the degree of LL. D. from the University at Oxford, England.

"Constant Freeman, a Colonel in the United States Artillery.

"Samuel Bradford, a Colonel in the U. S. Army, afterwards U. S. Marshal, Sheriff of Suffolk county, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.

"Thomas Dawes, successively a Judge of Probate, of the Municipal, and of the Supreme Court of the State.

"Thomas Walcutt, the well-known Antiquarian, for a long period one of the Engrossing Clerks in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

"Samuel Cooper, Judge of the Inferior Court and Notary Public.

"James Prince, U. S. Marshal, and member of the State Legislature.

"James Freeman, D. D., one of the founders of the Mas-

sachusetts Historical Society, the Patriarch of the Unitarian Churches in the East, who, but for a dissenting creed, might have added to his other titles, that of a Bishop.

"Jonathan Homer, D. D., an eminent divine, a brother by marriage, and by an unbroken friendship of nearly three-quarters of a century, to the Rev. Dr. Freeman, though of precisely opposite theological opinions.

"William Greenleaf, M. D., and Shirley Irving, M. D., both eminent physicians.

"Samuel Newman, Captain U. S. Army, slain in the battle with the Indians, at Gen. St. Clair's defeat, in Ohio.

"Thomas Temple Fenton, raised to a respectable and lucrative office in England, through the recommendatory influence of his Harvard College class-mate, Rufus King, then Ambassador to the English Court.

"Benjamin Bethune, Captain in the British Army.

"Of the following, the remainder of the class, some died young, and others were distinguished merchants: Daniel Jehonnot, Charles Apthorp Wheelwright, William Davis, John Gill, Robert M'Neil, Thomas Fletcher, J. Dorby Robins, Jacob Eustace, John Ewing, John Laughton, and last, though not least, Thomas K. Jones, who, for about forty years, was the leading auctioneer in Boston.

"T. K. Jones was at the head of his class in 1766. At his hospitable table, nearly twenty years since, his surviving class-mates, about a dozen in number, met and were joyfully entertained on the occasion of the visit to Boston, of their early associate, Admiral Coffin.

"Twenty of this class were living in 1816, fifty years after they entered the class—and twelve only in 1826—ten years after."

**MONS. VATTEMARE.**—Mons. Vattemare has become a celebrity by virtue of his indefatigable exertions to establish a system of international art and literary exchanges, an object of the highest philanthropy and calculated to be of essential benefit to the world—provided the thing can ever be done, which we much doubt, for when Mons. Vattemare himself shall have ceased his labors, where will another person be found of his acquirements, kind-heartedness and cosmopolitan feelings. Mons. Vattemare, however, is in the midst of us, his doings are a good deal talked about, and perhaps our readers will like to know something of his personal history. We make bold, therefore, to condense for their benefit the following little biography of this distinguished gentleman from Perley's Parisian Portraits:

Monsieur Vattemare is a native of Paris, where he was educated as a surgeon, and was sent in 1814 with a convoy of sick soldiers to Berlin. His talents for ventriloquism and mimic representation led him to relinquish his former career, and resort to the exercise of those talents as a source of profit. The immediate occasion of this change was a desire to relieve the wants of an unfortunate French family, who were utter strangers to him. His extraordinary talents, his modesty, and the benevolent object of his art, everywhere procured him the warmest applause, and the most flattering testimonies of many crowned heads.

This brilliant success encouraged Monsieur Alexandre to pursue the career on which he had entered. He visited the Netherlands, and then proceeded to Great Britain, where he passed six years. He personated, in one evening, forty different characters, which elicited the following impromptu from the 'author of Waverley.'

#### TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE.

'Of yore, in Old England, it was not thought good,  
To carry two visages under one hood;  
What should folks say to you, who have faces so plenty,  
That from under one hood you last night showed us twenty?  
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,  
Are you handsome, or ugly? in age, or in youth?  
Man, woman, or child? or a dog, or a mouse?  
Or are you at once each live thing in the house?  
Each live thing, did I ask? each dead implement too?  
A work-shop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw?

Above all, are you one individual? I know  
 You must be, at the least, *Alexandre & Co.*  
 But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob—  
 And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job;  
 And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,  
 Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse!

*Abbotsford, April 23, 1824.*

WALTER SCOTT.

Some idea of the profit derived by Alexandre from his exhibitions may be formed from the circumstance that, during his stay in Dublin alone his donations to public charities exceeded *one thousand pounds!* He thus became a man of wealth, and, besides his home in Paris, had a fine country-seat at Marly-le-Roi. In his travels, Alexandre perfected his library and collection of coins by exchanges, and thus practically laid the foundation of his scheme of *International Literary Exchanges.*

In September, 1839, Monsieur Vattemare landed at New York, with the intention of introducing his system, making an occasional draft upon the professional talent of Monsieur Alexandre, to pay his expenses. Presents were made with great liberality, and in June, 1841, Monsieur Vattemare left for France, taking with him 1,800 volumes of books, 500 engravings, 250 original drawings, many specimens of natural history and mineralogy, (among them a piece of native iron, weighing 2,000 lbs.) and several interesting relics of the aborigines.

These he distributed among the public institutions of France, receiving rich returns, with which he returned to the United States last winter.

Monsieur Vattemare hopes so to perfect his idea that each nation will establish an institution for the reception of these exchanges—forming not only a Museum, illustrative, as well of the powers of nature as of the state of perfection to which the productions of the human mind and hand have arrived, or are tending to in every quarter of the globe; but a kind of *patent office*, where the creations of the industry, the achievements of the intellect, of the inventive faculties, and of the government of each country, may be at once and always assigned to their true origin, and always verified without doubt or difficulty.

Paris has taken a step towards the realization of this excellent idea, by appropriating one of the alcoves in the large library hall of the *Hotel de Ville* to books received from the United States, through Monsieur Vattemare's agency.

Monsieur Vattemare is rather under the medium size, spare, with long hair, sparkling eyes, and an energy of gesticulation which well accords with his animated countenance. 'International Literary Exchange' is his ruling idea, nor does he lose sight of it for a moment, working with untiring industry and perversance, and overcoming all prejudices.

Monsieur Vattemare has two sons—the eldest is in the employ of the French government, in one of its bureaux at Algeria; the youngest is studying theology. One of his sons-in-law is Monsieur Césaire Moreau, a gentleman distinguished for his studious researches concerning the policy of Louis XIV. and his able editorial articles in the *Quotidienne*.—When that paper was merged into the *Union*, M. Moreau assumed the control of the new Bourbonist organ.....

EL DORADO.—This word is in everybody's mouth just now, but we suppose that very few know what it means, or whence it was derived, or how it came into use, or when or where it was invented; at least we infer as much from the manner in which we have seen it employed. The following is a true account of El Dorado: "The early Spanish explorers of S. America brought back, among other wonderfultales, a story of a country in the interior of Guinea, where gold was said

to be so plenty that the only dress of the king was a thick layer of the precious metal—a real 'body coat,' put on without measuring, or cutting, or stitching—but thus: His majesty's naked carcass was carefully smeared, every morning, with an unctuous substance, and was then heavily powdered with gold dust until no more would stick to it: and he was then in full dress, making a very brilliant and dazzling appearance when the sun shone upon the sparkling surface. This (as the story goes) was all scraped off every night, and thrown away as 'old clothes,' not being valued where there was so much gold that wasn't at all greasy. This distinguished personage and 'eminently shining character' was properly called by the Spaniards 'The Gilded One,' which is, in the Spanish language, 'El Dorado.' (El, 'the,' Dorado, 'gilded,' or 'gilt.') And the fabulous country was known in Europe as 'the land of the gilded one,' and was so much talked of and believed in by the English, that the sage Sir Walter Raleigh once fitted out an expedition to go to it; but not happening to find it, consoled himself by piracy and robbery on the Spaniards, for which he was beheaded many years afterwards, and very unjustly, by the king who commissioned him to do it....

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE AND THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—There are a good many inquiries about these two important institutions, both of which have been conferred upon the people of this country by the munificence of foreigners; Mr. Astor was a citizen of this country, although he was never naturalized, but Smithson had never visited our shores. In regard to the Library we learn that the statement of the finances of the institute showed a prosperous state of affairs, and of the \$242, 129 which had accrued upon the original bequest, as interest, and was set apart by Congress for the erection of a building and for other purposes, the sum of only \$30,000 has thus far been expended. If the present financial policy is pursued, it is confidently believed at the end of three years, within which time the building must be completed, there will be at least \$150,000 of interest to be added to the original bequest. The building will be completed and the grounds improved, for the sum of \$250,000, and the east wing will be finished by the first of January next, and the west early in the spring. The main part of the edifice has been commenced. As to the Library, we learn that Mr. Coggeshall, the librarian, has gone to Europe to purchase books for it, and that the trustees will commence building the Library as soon as they shall fix upon a proper site. So that, in time, the inhabitants of New York will have a fine Library adapted to the wants of an intelligent people.....

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—The Press is often called a mighty lever, but it might with much greater propriety be called a mighty great leaver, for it is most dreadfully addicted to the practice of leaving out words, letters, accents and points, and thereby driving authors mad, and perplexing the brains of readers.—For our own part we have grown hard hearted about errors of the Press, and no longer go into hysterics on seeing our thoughts spoiled, and the facts of our stating distorted by the mistakes of the Press, which we freely admit does a vast deal of good as well as commits a vast amount of blunders. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, which was written in Massachusetts but printed in London in 1720, prefaces two or three pages of errors of the Press, with the following cool, consolatory and quaint remarks:

#### ERRATA.

"Reader, *Carthage* was of the mind, that unto those Three Things which the Ancients held Impossible, there should be added this Fourth, to find a Book Printed without *Errata's*. It seems, the Hands of *Briarsus*, and the Eyes of *Argus* will not prevent them.

"The Holy Bible it self, in some of its Editions hath been affronted, with Scandalous Errors of the Press-work; and in one of them, they so Printed those Words, Psal. 119. 161. *Printers have persecuted me.* The Author of this *Church History* ha's all the Reason in the World then to be Patient, tho' his work, be depraved with many *Errors of the Press work.* The Common Excuse in such cases is, 'The Distance of the Author from the Press; Here there was the Distance of a thousand Leagues. Tho' the *Errata* are mostly, but *Literals*; and there are few, but what an Intelligent, and Charitable Reader, would correct without any Direction from the Author; yet it was thought fit here, to offer a collection of them; (omitting the False Pointings, which are more *Numerous* and less Important.)"

Theodore Hook once published an amusing *jeu d'esprit* on the errors of the Press, in the "John Bull," which we find in the volume of his life and literary remains just published in London. It is in the shape of a letter to the editor, from a court reporter:

"SIR,—We hear a great deal of the licentiousness of the press, and I am not disposed to say that there may not be some good grounds for the complaint; but I beg to assert that, to my own knowledge, much is charged to the account of the licentiousness, which is, in truth, only attributable to the errors of the press; and I have had the mortification to see articles of the most innocent information, from my own pen, conveyed to the public with all the color of libels, by the mere mistake of a single letter.

"For instance, I had occasion to report that a certain 'noble lord was confined to his house with a violent cold;' next morning I found that this innocuous piece of intelligence was metamorphosed into a direct inroad on the peace of a noble family, by representing his lordship as being 'confined with a violent scold.' In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment given by a noble leader of fashion, I had said, very truly, 'that, amidst the festivities, the first point of attraction and admiration were her ladyship's looks;' this deserved compliment was changed by the printer into a satire on the whole company, as if the chief point of attraction had been 'her ladyship's cooks.' In a description of the regatta at Cowes, I was made to represent a lady of fashion as having formed a hasty and ill-assorted match 'with a boy,' when, in fact, I had only said that the Lady Louisa had, indeed, broken adrift, but had, 'luckily before any mischief was done, been made fast to a buoy.'

"When I reported that 'Lord A. had entertained Colonel B., Major C., the Hon. Mr. D., and a few other fashionable friends at dinner,' I little expected to find these gentlemen represented as a company of 'fashionable fiends.' At the particular request of an eminent coach-maker, I mentioned that a noble person, well known for his good taste in equipages, and who happens to have a large and fine family, had launched 'a new green cab;' but judge of my horror at seeing it stated, that 'his lordship had, this season, brought out another green cub.' And I have lately had the misfortune of being the involuntary cause of what is called a hoax upon the public: having announced that Lord K. had made a bet that he would 'trot a mile' on the Harrow road in three minutes, an immense crowd assembled, and was ready to proceed to outrage because his lordship did not 'trot a mile,' as the printer's error had led them to expect.

"Of a more serious kind are the injuries done to private individuals, which no one deplores more than I, the innocent cause of them. I was once employed to recommend to public attention the astonishing talents and performances of that musical wonder, 'The Infant Lyra.' I did my best; but the printer gave the whole a most unhappy and malicious appearance by making me, by the transposition of a letter, attribute all these prodigies to the 'Infant Lyar.' On a late occasion, one of the papers talked of 'the general satisfaction given by the royal lump.' This looks like a brutal illusion to the temporary illness of an illustrious duke.—The truth was, Mr. Editor, that I myself penned that paragraph for an ingenious artist in Bond street, in order to recommend an improved kind of argand, which he denominated the 'Royal Lamp;' and I never can sufficiently regret the injustice done to the gallant General Saldanha, who, in an account of his conduct at Oporto, which I drew up under his own eye, was stated to have 'behaved like a hero;' but when it came to be printed, it unhappily appeared as if the general had 'behaved like a hare.'

"What I wrote of 'the Horticultural fete' was altered in-

to 'the Horticultural fete,' as if there was a destiny affecting all the entertainments of that society. When the late Mr. Canning offered Lord F. the office of 'Secretary of State,' the public were led, by a mere transposition of the letters, to believe that a new office was to be instituted under the title of 'Secretary of Taste;' and what gave the more effect to this mistake was the noble lord's admitted fitness for the latter office. I once ventured to bear my humble testimony to the assiduous attendance of a certain reverend dean on the 'Minister,' but had the mortification to find myself insinuating blame against the worthy divine, 'for his assiduous attendance on the Minister;' and what was still worse, having to communicate the deserved elevation of 'Doctor Jebb' to an Irish mitre, I was made to announce that 'Doctor Jobb' was to be the new Irish bishop. I remember reporting the case of a poor French lady, who 'appeared at Bow street with her pug-dog in her arms,' but the printer most ungallantly stated the fair stranger to have appeared 'with a pig in her arms;' and on the next day of her attendance a vast crowd had assembled to look at this extraordinary pet, and the poor French woman narrowly escaped being pelted for disappointing their expectations. In something the same way, a respectable tradesman in Oxford street has had his shop windows broken, to the loss of near ten pounds, because, having invited the public to inspect his extensive assortment of a fine manufacture called 'linos' the printer chose 'to invite the public to inspect a large assortment of the finest lions.'

"I am, sir, a warm friend of his Majesty's Government (for the time being,) and cannot but deeply feel that even my political views are sometimes distorted. Amongst the benefits to be expected from recent measures in Ireland, I had enumerated the 'Increase of tillage,'—this was changed into increase of 'pillage,' and copied into all the ultra-Tory papers; and when I said that these same measures of conciliation would induce every loyal and well-disposed subject to unite 'in quieting Ireland,' it was perverted into a sneer, as if all loyal and well-disposed subjects should unite 'in quitting Ireland.'"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—We have given this month a portrait of our greatest prose writer, the eminent lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Emerson's fame is wide spread; he is almost as well known in Europe as in America, but his essays, upon which his reputation is mainly founded, are not of that kind of reading which is best adapted to the uncultivated tastes of the million. Although he is wholly free from pedantic affectations, and writes in a style as pellucid and smooth as the waters of a pebbly brook, yet it is only the educated part of readers who can read him with pleasure; and even among men of this class it is only those who are accustomed to think, and who are free from sectarian prejudices and superstitions that can fully appreciate him. The portrait that we publish is copied from one that appeared in Howitt's Journal, but it hardly gives a just impression of the face of the subject. Mr. Emerson is about thirty-seven years of age, slight in figure and peculiarly Yankee looking. He is a native of Boston and was once the pastor of a Unitarian church, but he could not give up to a sect what was meant for mankind, and wisely quitted the pulpit for the lecture room. He resides in Concord, Massachusetts, and has just returned from a tour in England, where he was received with marked attention by the literary men of Great Britain. He has long been on terms of intimacy with Carlyle, and has often been accused of being an imitator of that eccentric author. But never were two men more unlike in their style of expression or habit of thought. Emerson is Emerson, and, to use a vulgarism, nobody else. He is a distinct individual, and it is an injustice to him to rank him with any other living writer, let him be ever so eminent. The first appearance of Mr. Emerson as an author was about fifteen years since, when he published a little volume of essays in Boston under the title of "Nature." Since his return from England he has delivered a course of lectures on that country, from one of which we make the following extract, which affords a good instance of his manner; it is also valuable for the shrewdness of its observations on the English character:



"The Englishman enjoys great health and vigor of body. They are larger than Americans. One hundred Englishmen taken at random would probably weigh one quarter more than the same number of Americans selected in the same manner, and yet the skeleton is said not to weigh more.—They have more constitutional energy and vigor than we have. Like their horses they have mettle and bottom. *Pluck* is the national characteristic—the cabman, the porter, the nobleman, the bishop, and even the women have it; the press runs over with it. An Englishman speaks with his whole body—the elocution is stomachy—an American's is labial.

"London and England now are in full growth. Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, grows as fast as South Boston, or Brooklyn, opposite New York. London is enlarging at an alarming rate, even to the swallowing up of Middlesex. The British Museum is not yet arranged; London University is growing as rapidly as one of our mushroom Western Colleges. Everything in England betokens life. To be sure the Englishman does not build castles and abbeys, but what the nineteenth century demands he builds, docks, wharves, warehouses, &c., without number. The land and climate are favorable to the production of good men. Mr. Emerson said that in his addresses while in England he had been accustomed to erase those passages which he had written and spoken so often here touching the feebleness and sickly aspect of poor mortals, such an effect had the fine physique of the Englishman produced upon him. In all that the Englishman does, even to the noise of clearing his throat, he gives evidence of strength. It is not the land for faint hearts.

"One thing is very noticeable among the people, and that is their total neglect of each other. Each man shaves, dresses, eats, walks, and runs just as he pleases, and his neighbor pays no attention to him, so long as he is not interfered with; and this is not because Englishmen are trained to neglect, but because each man is trained to mind his own business. Personal eccentricities are allowed here, and no one observes them. Each Islander is an Island himself, reposing in quiet and tranquil waters. He never wanders, and if, at a hotel, he is asked for his name, he bends down and whispers it into the ear of the book-keeper."

**THE YANKEE BLADE.**—This admirable weekly, which embodies in its columns all that is humorous, witty, and pleasant, is progressing bravely. We read the Blade as regularly each week as we attend our devotions, and find each number better, if anything, than the last. Mathews is the prince of humorists, and his paper the model American Punch. . . . **THE LIFE OF A PRINTER.**—Printers are famous for their erratic habits, but we do not remember ever seeing a more remarkable case of a printer's wanderings than the following little narrative contains, which the Pittsburgh Journal publishes and vouches for its truth. This wandering star thus relates his curious history:

"I left home at the age of nine, and was apprenticed to the printing business at thirteen; since then I have visited Europe—been in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and France,—in Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador, South America, West Indies, and all the Atlantic States of the Union, from Maine to Louisiana,—have lived in twenty-seven cities and towns of the United States; I have been a sailor in the merchant service and have sailed in all manner of craft—ship, brig, schooner, sloop and steamer—in the regular army as a private soldier, deserted and got shot in the leg. I have studied two years for the ministry, one year for an M. D.—travelled through all the New England States,—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, as a journeyman printer, generally with little else than a brass rule in my pocket. I have been the publisher of two papers in —, one in Boston, one in Roxbury, Mass., one in New Hampshire, and one in Maine. At one time I had \$7,300 in my pocket of my own. I have been married twice, and am now nearly 26 years old! Was a member of Captain (late Major) Ringgold's flying artillery, at the encampment in Trenton, N. J. I have been a temperance lecturer and proprietor of a temperance theatre."

**NEW YORK LIONS.**—Mrs. Osgood has written a spirited little poem on the lions and lionesses of New York, which has been just published by Putnam in the shape of a letter, with the following inscription: "Mrs. Osgood's letter about the Lions. New York, January 1st, 1849. To Miss Mabel Montague, Montpelier, Montgomery county, Massachu-

setts." The following extract will show the character of this amusing trifle:

"You bid me set my fancy free,  
Oh! loved and lovely Mabel!  
And tell you all I hear and see  
In this bewildering Babel.

"But all I see and all I'm told,  
Till night, from early morn here,  
I wouldn't tell for all the gold  
Unfound in California.


"It is a very wicked world,  
My guileless little cousin!  
I know a belle whose hair is curled  
With love-notes by the dozen.

"I know a 'blue' who buys bouquets,  
And sends them to *herself*, dear;  
And when her friends come in, they praise  
The love-gifts on the shelf, dear.

"I know a man who writes some stuff  
In praise of all his books—  
You ought to see him read the puffa,  
And how demure he looks!

"I know a critic so refined  
He'll read no book he praises,  
Lest he should bias thus a mind  
Whose subtlety amazes!

"I know a painter—paints, to-day,  
A picture deeply shaded,  
And cracks the surface every way,  
To make it 'worn and faded.'"

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE** — It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise *all our country subscribers*, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the *Publisher of Holden's Magazine*, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, *provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent*. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain *scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c.* If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere *nominal price* to *country subscribers*, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our *very small* profit on the Magazine; and we *know* that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. *Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered.* For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.



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## NEW BOOKS.

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The following list comprises a few of the Books he offers for sale. Each book will, on the reception of an order, be mailed to the address of the person ordering it, enclosed in a strong wrapper and carefully directed.

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